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the Constitutional Conservatives from their brethren. He will do nothing of the kind. Sir George Younger attaches no importance whatever to the vote of confidence, which is bound to be of so unreal and unsubstantial a character as to leave the main position unaffected.

Sir George Younger's position should be made quite clear. He is not in the least averse from the Prime Minister delaying his departure as long as he may. The more Mr. Lloyd George prevaricates the more his dignity is compromised. This all works in favour of his opponents, and if the Prime Minister desires to play their game, no one can object. Sir George Younger has only two objects in view. The first is the unity of the Conservative party; the second is that the next General Election shall not be another coupon election. He attaches very little importance to the present House of Commons. The divergencies between the leaders and the Constitutional Conservatives leave him unaffected, for his concern is with the constituencies. This being so, his best tactics will be to see that a wise, detailed and practical programme is drawn up. The manifesto is quite useless. A document of a more specific character must be prepared so that the Conservative party, on the one hand, and the electorate, on the other, may know where they stand. We advise the Caucus to bend its energies in this direction. Political problems are no longer the same as when the Conservatives last held office, and there must be a complete readjustment of perspective.

The Prime Minister's latest move of seeking a vote of confidence on Genoa is being staged for the gallery. It cannot possibly atone for the defection of the Conservative party. Before his departure for Criccieth he made it plain to Mr. Austen Chamberlain that the only terms on which he would consent to remain as Premier were that a vote of confidence should be given to him by the Conservative party. This the party has failed to do, and, however impressive it may appear to the people, a vote of confidence on a specific issue which can be supported by Liberals and Labour and the majority of the Conservative party can hardly recompense him for the insult he received last week. It might have been imagined that the Prime Minister was made of sterner stuff than to clutch at such a straw. He can only pay for the support of the House on his Genoa policy by a sacrifice of self-respect.

The Secretary of State for War made a speech on Monday that has one meaning for the initiated and quite another for the casual observer of politics. His references to the possible retirement of the Prime Minister under doctors' orders, for instance, was a delicate attempt to prepare the country for the inevitable and not, as might be thought, a chance consideration of a remote and unlikely contingency. It must be remembered that Sir Laming made his speech before he knew of the surprisingly undignified tactics of the Prime Minister. He spoke under the impression that Mr. Lloyd George would adhere to his decision to depart at once. His subtly-expressed hope that even in the enforced absence of Mr. Lloyd George the Coalition might continue was a deft preparation of Mr. Winston Churchill's ground. For the rest, we

Notes of the Week

THE political situation remains unchanged. The Prime Minister's resignation is not withdrawn. The understanding still is that it should be made public at the most appropriate opportunity. Quite obviously the Conservative leaders cannot expel him summarily. Apart from the discourtesy and impropriety of such a course, they have no immediate desire to do so. Dissensions have occurred within their own ranks. They are by no means unanimous that Mr. Austen Chamberlain will make the best Prime Minister. There has been an expressed desire that Lord Derby should set himself up as a candidate for the post. Hopes have elsewhere been entertained that Mr. Bonar Law should be brought back. Nothing is more significant than the lack of publicity given to his name. He is obviously anxious not to compromise the claims of Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Sir Arthur Balfour, after whom many Conservatives still hanker, has been definitely forbidden by his doctor to undertake any strenuous work. In the present disarray, therefore, the respite given to the party, which is in the course of making up its mind, by the Prime Minister's undignified reluctance to take the manly course, is welcomed rather than otherwise.

What Mr. Lloyd George has seen most clearly at Criccieth is that if he departs at this moment he may find himself high and dry. Many of his Liberals will remain with the Coalition. The most powerful of his Liberal Ministers will desert him: some for independent Liberalism; Mr. Churchill, and probably Sir Alfred Mond, for Conservatism. He had, of course, set his heart on breaking the Conservative party, in which event he could have retained a majority in the House of Commons. The cold truth has been a sharp disappointment, and his desire to take a vote of confidence on Genoa is dictated by a hope that he may yet sever

commend the definition of Unionist principles enunciated by Sir Laming Worthington Evans, although "the support of individual rights, individual freedom, individual right of action, as against the socialist theory of State action and individual slavery," comes strangely from the lips of a man who has been throughout associated with a Government whose policies of reconstruction and whose multiplication of bureaucratic interferences have been unparalleled in the history of democratic Government.

Lord Gladstone's letter, in which he said that the Coalition Liberals could only return to the fold by coming back in sackcloth and ashes, was a missile hurled with nicely calculated effect. The Prime Minister now sees quite clearly that it is futile to knock at the door of Abingdon Street. It could not very well be otherwise. The Wee Frees have for three years been applying every sort of opprobrious epithet to Mr. Lloyd George and his followers. They have accused them of deserting every single tenet of the Liberal faith. It can hardly be expected that, the moment the Coalition threatens to crumble, the Wee Frees should open arms of welcome and implore the traitors to return. The whole question of the Liberal position will, however, have to be considered, especially in view of Sir George Younger's achievement in reuniting the Conservatives. If we are to return to the party system, it will be fatal to Liberal interests to have two irreconcilable sects of the same creed wandering about the House of Commons. But these difficulties have a way of settling themselves, and Lord Gladstone has been wise not to hasten an artificial solution. Many of the Liberals will join the Conservatives, and in time the rest will creep back surreptitiously to the fold.

Lord Salisbury has given the game away. He admitted on the Committee stage of the Irish Free State Bill that "in putting down amendments noble Lords had no desire to wreck the Bill." In this he was supported even by Lord Carson and by Lord Lansdowne, who "had no desire to wreck the Bill or to add to the difficulties of Mr. Collins and his colleagues." Lord Lansdowne himself went further and proclaimed that "if, when the Bill came back from another place their lordships were told that the time had come when they had to choose between their amendments and the Bill, he would say they should give up their amendments." In the circumstances the trust professedly centred by the Constitutional Conservatives in their noble colleagues has been dashed to the ground and the stormy show of resistance reduced to mere play-acting. Not only are the Constitutional Conservatives in the Commons disappointed, at least in their nominal hopes, but even Mr. Lloyd George, who would have been provided by the rejection of the Bill with a theatrical opportunity of rushing to the country, will have to wait for something else to turn up. Had the opposition in the Lords been really serious it could have shattered the Treaty. As it is, Lord Carson and his friends lacked even the courage of Mr. Britling.

Attention should be directed to the very wise series of questions addressed by Sir Donald MacLean to the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Tuesday, regarding the payment of interest on the British debt to America. Sir Donald made the interesting point that as we can only make payment by the export of goods from this country to America, representations should be made to the American Government to relieve our goods of import duties. The suggestion on the face of it is prompted by what would appear to be as good a parallel as can be found between international obligations and the debts between citizens. If one man is in another's debt, the creditor should not in his own interest impose restrictions on the debtor desirous to repay. In taxing our goods America is virtually placing obstacles in the

way of our obtaining our discharge. It is to be hoped that Sir Donald will succeed in provoking a discussion on the subject, particularly as the sums lent by America to Great Britain were guaranteed by us on behalf of the other European nations, to whom we lent during the war £879,000,000 as against the £876,000,000 borrowed by us from the United States. We merely acted as an intermediary for the convenience of the creditors, and have no desire to avoid our technical obligations provided that America does not shirk her moral duties.

Gandhi has been sentenced to six years' "simple" imprisonment for sedition. While this may appear inadequate punishment for his long-continued course of disloyalty which has led to great loss of life, as in the Moplah rebellion, and still keeps all India in ferment, it is severe enough to suggest censure of the India Government for its long delay in recognizing the malign activities of the arch-agitator. Viscount Peel has succeeded Mr. Montagu as Secretary of State for India, and as he is a Conservative it is to be presumed that he will pursue a firm and decided policy. Meanwhile a political crisis over its budget has developed in India, the crux being the estimates for military expenditure. As this part of the budget is "reserved," it cannot be altered by the Legislative Assembly, but those members who are opposed to the Government can get at it indirectly by declining to pass other parts of the budget, and this is what the native members have been doing. As we remarked in a previous issue, Lord Rawlinson has pointed out that military assistance is constantly necessary for the suppression of internal civil disorder and disturbances. The present seems scarcely a time when any considerable reduction of the armed forces at his disposal should be contemplated.

Though the Reparations Commission has decided to grant a temporary moratorium to Germany, it has burdened this concession with new demands which are almost certain to bring about another political crisis in that country, and, in any case, must make the position of Dr. Wirth exceedingly difficult. While the Commission gives Germany a substantial reduction in the amount she will be called on to pay in the present year, it requires of her, practically under an ultimatum, to raise sixty thousand million marks by means of taxation, to cut very drastically all her Government expenditure, to stabilize the currency by preventing the Reichsbank from issuing unlimited paper money, and generally to incorporate in the budget the whole of the charges arising from the Treaty of Versailles. If Germany does not undertake to do all these things by May 31, she will have to meet the much larger reparations payments which were laid down last May. Readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW are aware that we believe it would be far better in the general interest to do away with reparations altogether, and we fear that the more onerous conditions imposed by the Commission will not tend to further the economic rehabilitation of Germany or of Europe.

On Saturday last the Italian Government formed by Signor Facta received a vote of confidence in the Chamber by 275 votes to 89, and this indicates that for some time to come the political situation in Italy will be more or less tranquil. In outlining his programme, the new Prime Minister dwelt first on his determination to aid economic reconstruction and recovery by cutting down the national expenditure to a minimum. He next spoke of the friendship of Italy for Britain, which was one of the prime factors of Italian policy, and afterwards made a point of declaring that Italy had no hostile feeling towards Germany, thus implying that Italy ranged herself by the side of Britain rather than

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of France. Speaking of Fiume (where the position is still obscure) he said that Italy stood by the Treaty of Rapallo, under which the city was recognized as an independent state, and this attitude was reinforced in the course of debate by the Foreign Secretary. This is satisfactory, since it must tend to allay the excitement occasioned in Yugo-Slavia by recent happenings.

The Conference of the Foreign Ministers on the Near East in Paris has begun well with a unanimous decision to propose a three months' armistice along the whole front in Asia Minor. This is at least a step towards peace; but the trouble, of course, is that while the Greeks, who placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of the Allies some months ago, will no doubt accept this proposal, the Turks, under Mustafa Kemal, may decline it. Of late, Mustafa has been speaking as if Turkey had been victorious in the war, instead of having been overwhelmingly defeated, and according to report it is the Turks and not the Greeks who have recommenced hostilities. Three and a half years have passed since an Armistice was granted to Turkey. Peace could easily have been made in 1918-19, but the opportunity was allowed to pass, with the result that against Greek opposition the Turks have rallied in a genuinely national movement in their Anatolian homeland, and have drawn to themselves the sympathy of nearly all Islam. This is the situation that now has to be faced, and it has been complicated by the Angora Pact between France and the Kemalists. It is quite clear that our Government has been greatly to blame in encouraging the excessive ambitions of the Greeks, but with this fact recognized there should be less difficulty in bringing about the satisfactory settlement that is so urgently required.

The disputes in the shipbuilding and engineering industries respectively should be carefully distinguished. In the engineering industry the trouble is over managerial functions. The atmosphere has been clouded by the moral aspirations of the Trade Union movement, and not for the first time have the idealists plunged themselves into misery over the interpretation of an agreement. They will not trust the interpretation of the employers and they do not know their own. When they return to earth they will realize that the employers for all practical purposes must control the management of their own works. To admit a primary principle of this character is in no sense to infringe on the genuine aspirations of labour. The men are very naturally aggrieved at reductions of wages to which they have had to submit, and have been led into the belief that there is a general assault on the positions that they have obtained. The employers, on the other hand, are exasperated by the pettifogging restrictions imposed by the unions, which stand in the way not merely of industrial recovery but of practical work. When the men realize that the arbitrary regulations of their unions react to their own disadvantage and place a premium on incompetence and unfitness, then, and then only, will the community be relieved of disputes of this kind.

In the shipbuilding industry, on the other hand, the dispute is one concerned solely with wages. It is significant that before the dispute began 50 per cent. of the men in the industry were out of work. This alone should have convinced those who were still fortunate enough to have retained employment that the industry was in a very bad position. The employers have explained to the men that without a discontinuance of the bonus there can be no prospect of inducing new business. The representatives of the men have agreed to the principle of reduction, but are reluctant to accept the whole amount proposed. The difference has now narrowed itself down to six shillings and sixpence per

week, and at the request of the Minister of Labour the employers agreed to submit the amended terms to a free vote of the Unions. A delegate conference of the men, however, refused to take this course, and the result is that the employers have posted notices of the intended reductions. It is quite obvious from the position of the industry that unless the employers and workmen in combination endeavour to bring shipbuilding costs down to a basis which will give some chance of reviving business, not only will the unemployed not be restored to employment, but orders will be diverted from Great Britain, and the whole of this vital industry will be involved in ruin, including those who are employed in it. It is therefore to be hoped that the men will accept a position which, unpleasant as it must be to them, is inevitable.

The apparent saving for which the Government would like to take credit in their estimates for the Civil Service and Revenue departments is quite unreal. The comparison shown in the White Paper is between the actual expenditure on the current year and the estimated expenditure for the coming financial year. It will be seen that the saving appears to be no less than £207,000,000. Certain expenditure on Ireland will disappear automatically, and the revenue from the same source will disappear also. Again, there are miscellaneous war services and loans to Allies. The non-appearance of these cannot be credited to any departmental saving. Nor, indeed, would it be right to interpret the £14,000,000 of savings in the Post Office accounts as an indication of any reduction in the taxpayer's liability. The estimates for the Army and Navy, which have also been published, enable a more straightforward comparison to be made. Taking all the estimates together, it is clear that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to budget for over £900,000,000 of revenue. That he can hope to raise such a sum without making a trade recovery very difficult is quite out of the question. Sooner or later the Government in power will be forced to the realization that there can be no salvation until the State definitely discards its responsibility for social regeneration and industrial assistance. Any attempt to economize by fiddling with an odd million or two here and there are only dictated by a disinclination to deal with the real problem which must eventually be faced. That problem is nothing less than a reconsideration of the proper relationship of the State towards the community.

The State holding in the Anglo-Persian Oil Company is in a different category from what is ordinarily understood as State enterprise, and we are gratified to note that the Government has resisted the pressure to put its shares on the market. There is a distinct difference between actively undertaking a commercial enterprise like the telephones, administering it and maintaining it, and holding passively a number of shares in a highly profitable concern like the Suez Canal or the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The taxpayer has no cause for complaint when his money is being productively employed in a great service vital to our imperial interests. If the argument in favour of selling our Anglo-Persian shares is that the State has no right to engage in commerce, let it be first employed to induce the Government to give up its control of unprofitable services.

Organized bodies of the entertaining profession are making a very determined effort to obtain relief from the entertainments tax. Vast sums of money are being spent on advertising their hardships in the public press, and during the week Members of Parliament were buttonholed in the lobby. Every inducement is being offered to Members of Parliament to use their influence to Members of Parliament to use their influence

financial year. This is all very well, but it is quite clear that the success of these efforts can only result in the shifting of the burden on to other shoulders. If we have really come to a state of affairs when organized interests are alone capable of obtaining relief from their difficulties, the ordinary taxpayer must learn his lesson and organize with a vengeance. A tax on entertainments may be very inconvenient for the purveyors of amusement, but so are the customs and excise duties for those who sell and consume tobacco and alcohol. We have consistently supported the cinematograph trade in their efforts to break down the censorship and other nonsensical restrictions on the ground that we love liberty, but if they succeed in getting rid of their commitments to the State, the only liberty we shall have left will be the liberty to be taxed.

The election, last Monday, of Mr. Thomas J. Wise to the presidency of the Bibliographical Society, in succession to Mr. Falconer Madan, is a much-deserved tribute to a man who has, in the intervals of a business career, done a surprising amount of distinguished bibliographical work. 'Who's Who,' apparently, knows nothing of Mr. Wise, yet there can be very few serious students of literature, and especially of nineteenth-century literature, who are not indebted to one or more of his learned and accurate compilations. His range has been wide; Shelley, Landor, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Ruskin, Tennyson, Swinburne, and Joseph Conrad are only a few of the authors of whose writings he has treated. And it would not now be surprising if he were to publish some much-needed eighteenth-century bibliographies, for of certain writers of that period he knows more, bibliographically, than probably any other living man. Mr. Wise's work has been, and is, one of great service to literature, and no doubt the society, under his presidency, will show no failure of energy.

THE CONSERVATIVE OPPORTUNITY

WHAT will be the line of cleavage between Conservatism and Liberalism? The leaders of the Conservative Party are evidently unable to discern it, yet it is only by asking the question and considering it that the immediate future can be read. It may, of course, well be that the two individualist parties at no distant date may find themselves forced into a fusion to combat the theory and practice of Socialism. Such a consummation, however, can only be reached after very natural hesitations on both sides. There is a remarkable revival of party interest, and if we are to return to the party system of government, it is evident that the two historic parties must make up their minds in what respects they differ from one another. Hitherto their individuality has reposed on a difference of tradition and interest—not of principle. It is not the characteristic of the English people to think in principles. If they philosophize at all it is about their interests. Those interests which have acquired prescriptive rights become political parties. Such social and political theories as we have are based on reality, and the most obvious realities are interests. So-called party principles are merely the matter that in the course of time has congealed round a nucleus of interest. The two most simple interests, of the land on the one hand, and of industrialism on the other, have gathered around themselves other interests, until in our modern state they have become confused. Parties are no longer certain of their ground and are even divided against themselves. The destined successors of the present Coalition Government are the Conservatives. It is therefore essentially to their advantage that they should define their attitude towards the problems of the day. This the Constitutional Conservatives have attempted to do. Seeking to dispel the prevailing doubts, they have indited "a statement of

Conservative and Unionist principles." Now Conservatives are least convincing when they generalize. It is, therefore, with some surprise and much misgiving that we observe them falling into the error of President Wilson. They have made a contribution of very doubtful value to political thought. Principles are all very well, but, as we have found with the fourteen points, it is when they come to be interpreted that the difficulties begin. The instrument which the Conservatives have given us is of such a character that almost anyone from a Fiji-Islander to a Plymouth Brother could pay it lip service without undue searching of conscience. No; if the Constitutional Conservatives wish to enlist a genuine as well as a general support, they must leave the clouds to the idealists and come down among the people.

We propose to suggest to the Conservative Party the attitude of criticism that they might adopt towards the Liberal Party. Although historically the Conservative Party has been identified with the land, the identification has been accidental, and any attempt in the future to establish the party as the sole interpreter of this particular commercial interest must result in dividing it against itself. We presume, at any rate, that it was not without deliberation that the agrarian question was excluded from the manifesto. Similarly, before endeavouring to resuscitate Tariff Reform as an issue of contention, the party will be well advised to investigate the effect and practical working of the Safeguarding of Industries Act. As the Constitutional Conservatives appear to have realized this also by omitting it from their manifesto, we shall not for the moment consider it further. Nor is the breach likely to appear on the surface of the industrial order. Both Liberals and Conservatives are roughly committed to the preservation of the present industrial system. Differences of detail are here, as elsewhere, as likely to occur within parties as without them. There are not even evidences that either party has considered its attitude towards social reform from the point of view of first principles. In the face of the financial situation both parties, being decidedly individualist in character, may be forced to a relieving of the State of its eleemosynary obligations and to setting up and encouraging alternative agencies. We have so frequently suggested possible future lines of thought in this direction that we shall not now further dwell upon this subject. Home Rule for Ireland is removed from the battle-ground. The field of domestic politics is thus for the first time quite clear, and it is evident that we must look for the main causes of possible dispute further afield.

Before the Conservatives can define their attitude on foreign policy they must make up their minds what they intend the Empire to be. They must decide, for instance, whether they wish to maintain the great dependencies of the Crown by force and force alone, or whether they desire a gradual scaling off of the countries and districts which we administer. Our salvation and our security rest not on the people of these islands, but on the Empire. We have got to secure insurance within the Empire before we begin to negotiate reinsurance with Europe. The fallacy of our dealings with European affairs has been the old Liberal fallacy in another form, namely, that Great Britain stands alone *vis-à-vis* Europe and can only hold its own by preserving a balance in Europe by throwing its weight alternately on one side or other of the scale. A Conservative policy might well differ from the Liberal attitude by insisting on our uninterestedness in European complications. It might assert that the principle of self-insurance is better than the principle of self-determination. Our concern with the details of European policy must always fundamentally be dictated by our Imperial position. Our Imperial interests lay at the basis of our fear of Germany and will, in the future, determine our relations with the Continent. The first object of our statesmen must therefore clearly be to take stock of our own household and to determine the position which the Empire as a whole, and not the small limb of it known as the British Isles, is to

occupy in the world. The Conservative attitude should surely be that the British Empire is not a theoretical combination but a practical combine which must determine as a whole what it wants for practical purposes. Instead of looking at European politics in the abstract, our first duty is to assure our own stability. The question therefore arises as the most practical consideration of modern politics, what do we intend to do with the dependencies which we at present administer? There can be no doubt at this stage that all parties in the State are committed to releasing by a gradual process the districts directly governed by us from our control. It is over the process that the differences will occur. Liberal doctrinaireism has sought inappropriately and slavishly to apply democratic standards haphazard to the world. The Conservative answer must be that it is possible to admit that we are working towards the establishment of alternative governments to our own without seeking to apply inappropriate standards of democracy. The Conservative Party might well advocate the establishment of some form of Government in India which is paralleled by the traditions of the country. In the directly governed States, for instance, the model of the native states might well be followed. At any rate, the plan adopted of conferring full-blown democratic institutions on the directly governed states while still withholding the powers which are essential for democratic government can never work. Here, as elsewhere, we must proceed on lines consonant with the traditions of the place. In other words, it is Liberal doctrinaireism that the Tory will object to in the plans on which we are at present proceeding. It is the merit of the Conservative attitude that it is intensely practical and that it has an innate distrust of generalizations. The Ten Commandments are essentially Tory; the fourteen points essentially Liberal. Whatever the merit of the latter as an inspiration, they suffer from a demerit which the Ten Commandments do not. It is open to question whether they apply in any given instance, and they are always a matter of interpretation. We hope therefore that in view of its proximate accession to office the Conservative Party will leave principles alone, will define its interpretation of Empire and its plans for the government of the dependencies. When it has made up its mind on these essential questions, its attitude to foreign affairs will be a simple and practical relief from those vague and hazy generalizations about self-determination which have plunged Europe into disaster.

DESTROYING THE CIVIL SERVICE

A CIVIL SERVICE is to a democracy what education is to a man—a restraint on hasty and impulsive action, a buttress to judgment, a phylactery against folly. Despotism, which is of its nature irresponsible and wild, can improvise its instruments at any moment. They may vary according to its needs. But where the citizens themselves are constituents of a Government which gives free play to inexperienced politicians and to fluctuations of policy, necessary safeguards against misadventure and inequity can only be provided by a trained and cultured body of administrators. These are the fixed and stable background to the organized existence of the community. It would be tiresome to refer here to the great though silent part played by the Civil Service in English history. The facts are too well-known; the services have been recognized by all great writers on constitutional subjects in this country and throughout the world. Nor has it ever been disputed that we have had in this kingdom the most efficient, the most competent, the most incorruptible and the most devoted administration that has existed to advise and to represent any Government at any time. Not the least remarkable—and certainly the most enviable—feature of our Civil Service has traditionally been that it has done its duty by Governments of every shade of policy and opinion in anonymity. Whether the reward

of success or the penalty of failure has been visited on the politician by the judgment of the polls, throughout and always the conduct and actions of the Civil Servant have been preserved from electioneering assault or newspaper criticism. A Minister would have found it as natural to protect from vulgar abuse, and even from discussion, the men who had made his career possible as to defend his own personal honour. It is obvious that sound Government can only be carried on in this way, for the moment that the administrator enters the arena he must cease to be impartial, must lay himself open to influences and interests; he must become a politician. So horrible a degradation had been avoided by the foresight of our fathers.

Things have changed. Governments in the past few years have undermined the foundations of the constitution. A less scrupulous gang of ministers have not hesitated to derogate from our wholesome customs. In the hope that a change of Government may bring about a restoration of our old habits and old institutions, let us examine the evil that has been done. First, the barriers of learning and of culture which stood around the old Civil Service have been broken down and the work of the State has been thrown open to all comers. The character of the work also has been altered. The change can best be expressed by saying that the difference between the old and the new conceptions is the difference between negative control and positive experiment at the public expense. The old Civil Servant was there to restrain his minister, to place all the arguments and considerations before him, to indicate to him the administrative possibilities, to draw attention to the probable results and implications of any proposed Parliamentary Act. The new Civil Servant is out to improve the immediate reputation of his chief, to provide for him electoral patten, coups, sensations, and stunts. The change, of course, dates from Mr. Lloyd George's social reform measures. The poison which he injected into the veins of the body politic is observable in every limb of the national life. His new-fangled proposals, which have been regularly multiplied throughout his career, and some of which, in the face of bankruptcy, have only recently been scrapped, involved incontinent expansions of personnel. The Social Reformers gloated over the spectacle of their multiplying offices. *Was für plünder!* Here, at any rate, was a chance for nepotism and patronage! Here was an opportunity for benefiting constituents and friends, for rendering services, for doing good turns! These are the uses to which Social Reform has been put on the ministerial side. This is the ignominy to which the Civil Service has been subjected. Election agents, briefless barristers, desperate doctors, journalists, engineers, architects, anyone who wanted a job could find it in a Government Department! Thus it is that the Civil Service, instead of being aloof, detached, incorruptible and impartial, has become commercialized and popularized. It has become the handmaid of political profiteering, and its spirit has been spoiled.

The controversy about the bonus is an instance of the way in which the Civil Service is flung to the anger of rival politicians. The bonus scheme itself was a bad one, but far more moderate than any other of the mad schemes of construction and finance. The Cabinet passed it without taking the trouble to understand it, still less to explain it to the House. When the economy campaign was at its height and Anti-Waste was raging like a monsoon, Parliament learned of the existence of the scheme for the first time. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of having either the honesty or the courage to explain his scheme, did not even ask the House to appoint a Committee to consider some fairer method of remuneration. Instead, he won applause by sacrificing the incomes of the more responsible members of the Service and saved half a million pounds, while he left untouched the bonus of 350,000 other officers of the State and saved their votes. It was a trick that the Civil Service will not forget. The soldiers and

sailors have many representatives in the House to defend their interests, but it would appear that there is not a single ex-Civil Servant in the Lower Chamber. They retire at a more advanced age—between sixty and sixty-five—as compared with the military or naval officer who may receive a substantial pension twenty years earlier. In the Civil Service a man must serve for thirty-five years before receiving any pension at all, unless, of course, it be for a breakdown in health. Again, both the Ministers of War and Marine defend the interests of those whom they represent in Parliament. But the Financial Secretary to the Treasury and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, to whom the Civil Service alone can look, ignore their responsibility in this respect.

It is most sincerely to be hoped that when the present Government is buried, those who inherit office will restore what it was once our pride to possess—an efficient, able, and loyal Civil Service, separate from and independent of political and other considerations, and devoted only to just principles of administration. If the integrity of the Service is invaded, the democracy will have lost its most stable bulwark and England the most characteristic of its institutions.

A GREAT DELIVERANCE

SO swiftly has the Revolution on the Rand been crushed, that many are apt to miss the full significance of the peril from which not merely Johannesburg but civilization in South Africa has escaped. Yet every stage in the struggle has a meaning for us. A study of the South African Press, which from the outset has reported with great impartiality the arguments on each side of the struggle, reveals very clearly how a strike which at first gained considerable sympathy on perfectly intelligible economic grounds, soon showed itself to be predominantly political, and finally revolutionary, naked and unashamed. To those acquainted with South African history, the battle-cry raised was the most disastrous that could have been selected. The chief secret of the Great Trek lay in conflicting views as to the treatment of natives, and when Boer orators who had been induced to sympathize with the strike reminded their audiences of this, they were opening up a story of conflicts originating over a century ago, and never forgotten on the Veldt. On the other hand the cry that the white population would be ruined by the proposed change in the conditions of employment on the Rand produced a natural response from the European miner, whether Briton or Dutchman.

The issue was a false one, but in an atmosphere of intense excitement fostered by artful propaganda, the real authors of which remained in the background, it was not so easy to see this, and it speaks volumes for the innate good sense of the South African community that so deadly a movement did not meet with more success. General Hertzog was willing to use the strike as a means of attacking the Government. He had no wish for revolution, but some of his followers had less restraint, and in the light of what subsequently happened it is plain that the General did not understand what was at stake. On the other hand, whilst many European miners supported the strike to secure what they believed to be their interests, the last thing they wanted was Bolshevism. Quite unwittingly, by supporting the strike, many, both Briton and Boer, played into the hands of revolutionaries.

If we disentangle the facts of the strike on the gold fields—South Africa's chief industry—we find that the situation in December was governed by two considerations. First, the fall in the price of gold, and secondly, the vast increase in the cost of working the mines. Expenses were abnormally high: the standard of efficiency abnormally low. It was feared that unless the industry could be put on a working basis, twenty-four out of thirty-nine mines on the Rand might have to close down. It had long been a custom in the Transvaal, sanctioned by law, that certain operations which involve

danger to life could be carried on only by skilled, white miners. During the war, a number of these had gone to the battlefields, and their places had been taken in many cases by semi-skilled or even unskilled Europeans. In addition, many Europeans were now employed on tasks such as the laying of tramways in the mines, which could be performed equally well and at far less cost by native labour. For one cause or another, the proportion of Europeans employed in the mines had risen, and among these were a number who had failed in other callings and would never make miners. It was felt that whilst nothing should be done to weaken in any way the position of skilled European miners, which indeed was secured by statute, the position of the semi-skilled and unskilled Europeans must be reconsidered if the whole industry was not to be seriously endangered. It was in vain that the Chamber of Mines pointed out that they were not abandoning the principle of a ratio, and that at the most 2,000 semi-skilled Europeans would be affected in a period that might extend over a period of years. The South African Industrial Federation refused to parley further, and on January 10 the great strike on the gold fields began. A question purely economic, which could have been settled on an equitable basis if the miners' leaders had been far-sighted, was turned into a racial controversy. Moderate men saw that the position of the European in South Africa could not be secured by unskilled whites preventing the use of semi-skilled native labour, and that the real problem was how to make use of South Africa's increasing reserves of native labour, while securing for the European the responsible work which he alone could do.

It is noteworthy that early in February control had passed from the South African Industrial Federation to the Local Strike Committees. An industrial dispute had become a political conspiracy. Many individual miners had no wish to continue a struggle which they now saw might ruin their means of livelihood. But they were powerless, as were some of their leaders. Commandos were formed on the Rand to the dismay of many good citizens, who feared that a catastrophe was at hand. Labour ridiculed the idea of bloodshed, and protested against the Government's precautions. Democracies have to be persuaded of their danger before they will permit strong measures, and the attitude of the opposition made prevention a task of extraordinary difficulty. Meanwhile, as from the beginning of the dispute, General Smuts did his utmost to procure a settlement and to indicate lines of agreement. Those working behind the scenes, however, wanted no peace. Not yet had the enemy declared himself, but it was plain that the aim now was to hold up the life of the community.

On March 7, the long-talked of general strike was proclaimed, and the economic and political excuses for the trouble disappeared. It was now plainly revolution. What cannot be too clearly emphasized is the most flagrant efforts made by the enemies of civilization to use industrial and political grievances to foment revolution. Not for the first time have they deceived both workman and politician. Have we profited from Johannesburg's terrible lesson?

Two other points of the highest interest may be noted in the recent struggle. In the strike of 1913, General Botha used Imperial troops to quell the disturbances; now the British troops have gone, and South Africa at a heavy cost has been able to protect herself. The second is far more fundamental. When the Union of South Africa was formed, some had considerable misgiving as to the native question and the withdrawal on the part of the Imperial Government of a responsibility which they had not always exercised over wisely. Now General Smuts has proved himself the staunchest defender of the elementary rights of natives to protection. It may have been largely due to his promises at the beginning of the strike that they have remained so calm. The last two months have brought tragedy on tragedy to South Africa, but the situation is by no means black if we compare its present position with what might have

been if the hidden fires of race war had been effectively stirred, and the revolution been suffered to triumph. When gold was discovered on the Rand, General Joubert said that it was no occasion for rejoicing, as it "will cause our country to be soaked in blood." If there has been evil, there has also been good, and in the material sense at any rate it has become the base of the industry of all South Africa. Even in the clear air of the Veldt, as in our darker clime, economic laws prevail, and it is to be feared that it will be some time before the losses of these months can be repaired. But in the hour of test South Africa has not been found wanting, and it has been abundantly shown that she has statesmanship at her disposal with which she should be able to solve her most difficult problems.

PERSONALITY AND POLITICS

BY THE MAN WITH A LAMP

THE Air Ministry has decided to dispose of its gasbags to the highest bidder and to concentrate on heavier-than-air machines. The electorate would fain do likewise, for it too has learned that the engine which can drive against the wind is, in the long run, and especially in a climate of variable gusts, more trustworthy than an apparatus which can only move before a gale. If the present administration has been able to keep aloft in the unsettled political atmosphere of the last three and a half years, it is not because it has steered a steady course through hostile forces and opposing pressures, but because it has only been too ready to respond to any chance current and scuttle before the strongest breeze. There is a common error that democracies enjoy such a spectacle. On the contrary, in this country, at any rate, they have devised a system to protect themselves against it. They have been at some pains to assure that their representatives shall not be mere delegates of emotions. The electorate throughout our modern history has accordingly been provided with two alternative parties, each roughly representing the outlook on affairs of a moiety of the people. One stable Government has thus, without disturbance, been able to yield to another. It is quite a recent innovation that a Government has shown its readiness to interpret any chance whim of the constituencies irrespective of its own convictions. It is a new thing, in other words, that Government and Opposition should be rolled into one. Far from giving the democracy what it needs, such a method deliberately gives it what it does not and deprives it of any remedy—deprives it, indeed, of the very safeguards which it had itself established. Those of facile conscience who would seek to excuse themselves for their shortcomings by visiting their own sins vicariously on the people, make a defence which is more contemptible than that of Cain and for which, moreover, there is no vestige of foundation. If we believed that men and women, when called upon to elect a spokesman of their cause, preferred the advocacy of the crook, the mountebank, and the time-server, we should cease to have faith in democratic institutions and should advocate their abandonment forthwith. We have no sympathy whatever with those who deliberately withhold their services from the State on the ground that democracy is an untrustworthy, unstable and corrupt system of Government. On the contrary, it is part of the very romance of democracy that it has a decided preference for honest men. That this is so is obvious, for in any normal society the honest man is at a premium among his fellows. Electors in the mean have an ingenerate predisposition towards personality. This is their most fortunate protection, for personality implies honesty in this sense, that the man who has it will be true to his own characteristics. It is the mark of a man possessed of personality that he knows what he means and what he wants. And if he can convince an electorate he will not deviate seriously, one may be sure, from the standards of morality understood by average men.

There is nothing, therefore, which should lead us to suppose that a House of Commons in normal circumstances would not be composed of as honest a body of men as are to be found anywhere. The trouble is that the circumstances are not normal. There is to-day an assumption that virtue has gone out of the House and that statesmen are no longer entirely honest. Whether or not they ever were is another question. What, however, is quite clear is that what decadence there is does not come from below but from above. The Government has corrupted both the House of Commons and the people, and by a strange irony, in the former case there is no Corrupt Practices Act to apply. We have shown that democracies provide the best raw material for the manufacture of statesmen when they provide personality. A statesman is not a man who has no personality, but a man whose personality is disciplined.

There should be no better school of discipline than that which is provided by service to the State. The worst of the present House of Commons is that it is like a golf club composed entirely of beginners, with only a few good professionals. The beginners have never been given an opportunity of learning the game which they have to play. It is always medal day and they are always playing for cups. A chance is held out to every member of the club that he may at least get a K.B.E. The Committee has been so generously enlarged as to offer an outside chance to every single person to get on it. The normal process has been reversed, and it is no longer the House that makes the Government, but the Government the House.

Again, a Government which believes that two conflicting policies are better than one forthright policy does not school its pupils in political honesty. When they are simple men anxious to apprehend the mysteries of statecraft they will readily imagine from the example before them that the first necessity is to acquire a flexibility of mind which will be readily responsive to the latest caprice. Particularly must this be so when a Government accustoms the House to the notion that it exists to win elections. It does not; and however much those in authority may believe otherwise, the Government exists to carry on the administration of the country. The average Member of Parliament now, quite excusably in the circumstances, regards the Minister of a State Department as a person from whom, under pressure, he may obtain special consideration and special treatment for his own constituents. It is no longer believed that a Minister of the Crown occupies his position that he may administer the law with an equal justice, but that he is only there to make extensions of it and exceptions to it in favour of any class or interest which can bring enough electoral pressure to bear. If the average Member of the House of Commons desires to attain ministerial rank, it is in order that he may put into practice the principles he has learned in a subordinate capacity. Every single Member of Parliament knows that if there is a grievance in his own constituency he can always have it remedied by bringing pressure in the House. There was once a time when a Minister spoke in his place and voted and sought the suffrages of the House and the confidence of the electorate as the exponent of a particular type of opinion. Now his claim to support is the generosity with which he has distributed the public money. The evil can be summed up shortly. Our representatives on the front bench are no longer men who have acquainted themselves with the departments and the principles of administration. They have dug a trench between the permanent officials who represent the policy and themselves who represent the opportunity. They have made good administration difficult, if not impossible. It is therefore the first urgency of our time to remove the instruments of corruption which are now in the hands of those who administer the public funds. When that has been done the politician will no longer be compelled to be insincere. He will have an opportunity of perfecting the administration instead of trying to get all he can out of it. The millennialist

politician has driven the country into bankruptcy precisely because of his ignorance not only of the principles but, what is more important, of the possibilities of administration. It is not so much that he places no limits on the services which the State should perform as that he has never made himself aware of what services the State can perform. The results of his ignorance are reflected not merely in the intolerable burdens thrown upon the ratepayers and taxpayers, but in an ever-increasing mistrust of our representative institutions.

What the country wants, therefore, and especially at this moment, is a man who can say "No." It is most likely to find this in a man whose whole life has taught him to say "No" in reliance on his own judgment as to when "No" rather than "Aye" is required. In other words, the country needs desperately men of trained and disciplined personality. It does not require men versed in political science, men conversant with the technicalities of the "questions of the day," nor necessarily men attached to any of the historic parties. It does not want delegates. One thing is certain, that if the present tendencies prevail, the theory of representative Government, which is made of the most delicate substance, will be hurt by the pressure of organized interests which are becoming more and more effective as Parliament becomes more and more immersed in the affairs of the people. No electorate has ever respected a delegacy. The rank and file cannot respect men whom it can throw over without scruple when they cease to serve its immediate end. It is not in the nature of things to respect a man who can do just so much and no more. That a democracy prefers a man of independence is clear from our own political history. It is possible to count on the fingers of one hand men who have crossed the floor of the House and gone contrary, on a question of principle, to the parties for which they were elected and lost thereby the confidence of their constituents. The most recent instances of the respect which democracies have for independent men is to be found in their endorsement of the courses taken by Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Montagu.

It happens that we have at this moment in the country as fine a set of men as are to be found anywhere, men who have learned in one of the three Services those great lessons which no man can ignore and yet be a statesman. They have learned discipline, command and loyalty to the cause which they serve. They have learned *esprit de corps*. But they have acquired an insight into something even deeper—the limitations of Government itself. Theirs is the science of the limited objective. They are men whose very training has made them of quick decision and clear purpose. Their careers have not been an everlasting compromise with conflicting interests. In times like these the country has been glad to have recourse to such men, as it had recourse to the Duke of Wellington. Let them withhold themselves no longer from service to the State in that capacity in which the State so greatly needs them at this hour. Let them return before the character of representative Government is injured beyond repair.

SATURDAY WALKS

III. WITH A MAN OF METHOD

BY GERALD BARRY

"THEY'RE selling primroses in the Strand!" I said, incontinently shattering the sanctity of the Man of Method's office. He didn't look up. "Don't shout," was all he said. "My dear fellow," I shouted, "shouting is the only fit means of expressing anything so tremendous. Besides, if you shout loud enough and long enough the walls of London will fall down flat and you can step straight up into fairyland. The Israelites knew that." "And don't talk to me of Israelites," said the Man of Method (who is a Scotsman) still without looking up. I glanced out

of the window at the sky, blue as midsummer behind the peaks and crevasses of a range of office buildings. "Perhaps we shall find them in the banks," I said. "I shouldn't be surprised," he answered. "They live there. Anyway, it's too late, they're closed." "Oh, no, they're not," I said, "they're open; that's just it. I tell you I saw them in the Strand." "But they close at twelve to-day," he replied. "What do you want to find there?" "Primroses," I said. "Primroses in the banks of the Misbourne and furry catkins swaying from the hazels in Chorley Wood. Come, my good fellow, to Baker Street; there's a stirring in the air." At last he looked up. "Not to-day," he said decidedly. "It'll be dark before we arrive. To-morrow" (and he consulted a mysterious pocket-book in his waistcoat) "to-morrow by the ten-eighteen—stay a moment, that's on week-days only—to-morrow by the ten thirty-three. I'll bring some sandwiches. Good-bye." And I found myself without the sanctuary.

It is a strange thing, but you should never trust a shepherd's word about the weather. Only once have I known a shepherd give me a true forecast. I suppose a curse has been laid upon them ever since one of them achieved immortal notoriety with his lying tag about a red sky at night being a shepherd's delight. That Saturday evening the sun went down in a sea of crimson, turning the puddles to wine and the roofs into solid slabs of gold. But in the morning the sky was grey, and flying before a roaring, raging sou'-wester. As we left the train at Amersham the first drops of rain came blowing down and the wind howled through the hollow station like ghosts moaning in an empty chancel house. Now the Man of Method, though utterly unemotional and unmoved by natural objects, yet has an encyclopædic knowledge of natural history. As he is also a complete guide book, you may guess that he is an admirable companion, particularly if you have a train to catch at the end of the day. As we turned down the High Wycombe road, he said: "I have prepared a schedule, and as I saw it was likely to rain I have slipped it in my map-case. It is now eleven-thirty. If we walk at four miles an hour, which is a fair average speed in this wind—" "You are missing that willow," I said, "it's in leaf at the top." "—which is a fair average speed in this wind," he went on, "we ought to be at Chal—" A gust of wind, blown by some kind fate, caught the tail of his sentence and whisked it out of hearing over a shoulder of the Chilterns. Perhaps it dropped in a hollow and whispered "Chalfont Saint Giles by lunch-time" in the ear of a shepherd tending his ewes under a seething straw shed, so that he looked over his shoulder and shivered. The wind plays strange pranks.

At the first cross-roads we bade adieu to macadam and followed the footpath eastward by the side of Misbourne's stream. The wind came down over the hills and tore through the brambles along the river bank. They stood grey and wraith-like, with raindrops trembling on each thorn-tip and scattering with every gust. The stream was in a turmoil, lashed by the driving rain. Everything was grey and desolate: only the grass a bright fresh green. Sometimes, as it hurried past, the wind brought the uncertain "bleat bleat" of sheep folded behind the hills; sometimes it seemed to bring from infinitely far away sounds of tumultuous seas, so that you could hear in its shriek and echo the creak of straining spars and the droning, throbbing hum of stays taut in the teeth of the gale. I said as much to the Man of Method. He looked up from under a dripping brim. "I have been testing the accuracy of the theory that to smoke a pipe upside-down keeps it alight in the wind," he said. "I find it correct. But I am not quite satisfied—" The matter of his dissatisfaction was not divulged, for at that moment I saw primroses. They glistened refreshingly in the rain, flinching under its repeated strokes but always facing up to meet the next. Said my companion, who had gingerly picked one: "This is the

Primula vulgaris, or common primrose. There are three hundred and fifty species of *Primulaceæ*, of which the majority are found in the temperate and arctic zones of the northern hemisphere. Perhaps you did not know the word primrose was in the Middle Ages applied to the daisy? Darwin was the first to draw attention—"Hold hard," I said, "you are missing them all. Look at that cluster just over the water." I was thankful when a gust swept the primrose from his hand just as he had begun a description of cross-fertilization. The foot-path leaves the stream here and passes through meadows that I know to be full of loveliness in summer, deep and heavy with hawthorn and wild scabious and shining buttercups. The cowslip grows here too, but I was glad it was too early for it, because it belongs to the genus *primula*. The path leads on between the foot of sloping meadows and the stream, so plain that you cannot miss it, and I need not give directions. Description, too, is useless; for on this day there was little enough to notice save the good clean wind and the driving rain that washed body and soul.

After bread and cheese at Chalfont St. Giles, we went over the bridge, past the cross-roads and straight up the hill, with faces set towards Chorley Wood. Here the wind roared magnificently, shaking the great grey trees and rousing them from winter dreams. The rain came crashing down on to the old and the evergreen foliage, searching among the dead, dank leaves, reaching everything. The trees shook it out of their heads and raged and pulled tumultuously. "I've still some of last year's dust in the forks of my branches," shouted a beech. "There's a corner of the sky up here thick with cobwebs," roared a pine, and tore at the clouds, sweeping down a sudden spurt of water. "It's all very well," squeaked the hawthorn, "but this constant buffeting makes my sides ache." "We like it," laughed the hazel and the holly to one another, "it stretches our limbs!" "And I like it," murmured the earth with her thousand small voices, "I was thirsty." All things were being washed and watered and swept, getting ready to begin again. It was a spring cleaning of the woods.

We were still a mile from the station when one of my shoe-laces burst and the water poured into the yawning gap. In my despair I turned to the Man of Method. All well-trained men of method, like boy scouts, should carry in their pockets a knife, a shilling, an apple and a piece of string. That last item ought to do the trick. It was the Man of Method's supreme test; it was also, as you shall see, his utter vindication. From a concealed pocket came a neat, compendious leather case which he proceeded to unroll. "Boot or shoe?" came the query, and there met my astonished gaze a dazzling array of laces. I was determined not to be surprised. "Shoe," I said laconically, but the next question caught me unprepared and set me rocking. Said the delightful Man of Method, without the shadow of a smile, "Brown or black?"

We caught the London train according to schedule.

A WOMAN OF GENIUS

BY CHARLES PRESCOTT

IT might be an interesting study in psychology to classify authors into those who, like Goethe, Scott, Disraeli, Voltaire, were greater than their books, and those who, like Richardson, Jane Austen, Dostoevsky, seem so insignificant in comparison with the works that bear their names. There would be difficulties about Cicero, hesitations about Dr. Johnson, but neither about Mme de Staël.¹ Few, one imagines, are the readers of Delphine and Corinne to-day. Everything about them is forgotten, except their author, whose genius placed her, when little more than a girl, on the literary throne rendered vacant by the death of

Voltaire. Mme de Staël had indeed all the gifts except those which escape analysis—eloquence, learning, wit, enthusiasm, magnanimity. Yet as a writer she lacks something, the want of which places her in an inferior position to Sévigné, George Sand or George Eliot. In statesmanship, in spite of vast knowledge and familiar intercourse with the finest minds in Europe, she is again just inferior to Elizabeth of England, Catherine the Second, or Maria Theresa. Mme de Staël's claim to genius is that no other woman has ever combined such gifts of statesmanship and literature, or welded them into a whole so brilliant. She seemed to divide the European stage with Napoleon.

Over her contemporaries her influence was immense. The daughter of Necker, heiress of a princely fortune, an ambassadress of Sweden, queen of a most brilliant salon, defender of the imprisoned Marie Antoinette, champion of defeated Germany, opponent of Napoleon, her progress through Europe was almost royal and her entry into Vienna, Moscow, St. Petersburg, Stockholm and London more like that of a conqueror than a woman-of-letters. Her understanding and courage were so masculine that Talleyrand might say with as much wit as truth: "I hear Mme de Staël has put us both into her book and disguised us both as women." This somewhat formidable side to her character, whilst it attracted men, did not frighten women. "Were I Queen," said Mme de Tessé, "I would order Mme de Staël to talk to me for ever." She preserved, among her so many love affairs, the tender friendship for Mme Récarnier, the brave and beautiful Queen of Prussia, the Duchess of Weimar, one of the Miss Burneys and others. But on the whole she was a man's woman with a man's outlook on life, which is the reason Napoleon so disliked her. And after her death it was, curiously enough, men and not women who found inspiration from her. Chief among these were Guizot—the fine statesman, the great orator, the magnificent historian—and Lamartine, whose eloquence irradiated the early days of the Second Republic like the sun shining on a whirlpool.

Mme de Staël was what we should to-day call a Liberal. Standing in the dawn of the new faith, with its love of liberty and its belief in the perfectibility of the human race, she was the disciple of Rousseau and the child of eighty-nine. Leaving Paris during the September massacres, seeing year by year the ideas of her idolized father gradually merge into a Cæsarian despotism, she retained her principles unmodified till her death. Her ideal was a combination of the American Republic and the English constitution, and failing that she preferred Bernadotte to Louis XVIII and Louis XVIII to Napoleon. These principles offended Royalists, Revolutionaries and Imperialists in turn, but gave to her career a consistency which most of her contemporaries lacked. Her greatest work was her book on Germany. Her admirers compared it to Tacitus. Her detractors have said that it was finely observed, but from a drawing-room window. Read in conjunction with Heine, who supplies the shade as Mme de Staël supplies the light, it gives a picture which explains much that is puzzling to the early twentieth century. The book permanently enlarged the intellectual frontiers of France and, as such, marks an epoch. On its first appearance Napoleon suppressed it and tried to destroy the manuscript. Consequently it did not appear till 1813, at the moment when the battle of Leipzig had crushed the great rival whom once the author had thought to make the idol of her heart and the instrument of her ideas, but who had spurned them both.

Napoleon apparently was the only man Mme de Staël failed to conquer. Schiller, Goethe, Bernadotte, the Emperor Alexander bowed to her. They may have bowed as trees before the storm, but still they bowed. Napoleon remained obstinately aloof. He was probably the only person who ever inspired the resolute and dauntless woman with an emotion approaching fear. On the famous occasion on which they first met, on

¹ "Madame de Staël: Her Trials and Triumphs." By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard. Hutchinson. 16s. net.

Napoleon's return from Italy, she saw him crowned with victory, youth, genius, and could hardly breathe, such was the excess of her emotion. But she failed and was never able to recover from the initial disaster. Nevertheless, she had compensations. Her love affairs would fill a large volume and are not altogether an edifying study; although the contemplation of them may give a certain pleasure to mediocrity, which likes to see the great in their weaker moments. It is comforting to feel that, if we cannot rival Mme de Staël in her splendid and solid studies, brilliant conversation, and prodigious intellect, we may be fortunate enough to surpass her in the restraint of our passions. It is to this side of her life that Colonel Haggard has applied himself. After all, the adventures of a daring woman in an adventurous age are not without interest. The interest is not diminished if the heroine is the greatest woman of the nineteenth century. Still, the recital of Mme de Staël's lovers becomes a little boring. There were so many of them. They partake of the nature of a catalogue. Colonel Haggard adds to that impression by suppressing nearly all the romance, the passion, the moonlit nights, the extravagant setting, the Chateaubriand atmosphere. Half-scandalized, half-patronizing, his *terre-à-terre* style masks but does not conceal considerable knowledge of the documents. "He gives us plenty of dates and facts; follows her travels stage by stage; and by means of an excellent index makes his information readily accessible. But he gives us no new facts and sheds no light, new or old, on her personality." And he falls into the common error of judging an historical character by the standards of to-day. Mme de Staël's standards were those of the eighteenth century. It is true that in England the powerful and popular George III had set an example of rigid domestic virtue; but he had not been very successful even in his own family. No such influence had been at work in France. There, licence had followed its unbridled course from the days of Louis "the well-beloved" to the Directory. Napoleon, when he attained to power, attained also to the piety of a provost-marshal. Generals and officials must dismiss or marry their mistresses. Vice must not be flaunted at the court of Josephine. But the daughter of Necker was above the law—especially if it was dictated by "the Corsican." She asked, not for public approval, but the approval of the Paris of the moment. As Addison unexpectedly says: "There appears something nobly wild and extravagant in great natural geniuses."

Mme de Staël's private life was what the late Dr. Jowett would have called disorderly. But it does not follow that it was unhappy or sordid, as Colonel Haggard's pages almost suggest. The instability of the times they lived in enabled Mme de Staël and her lovers to save one another's lives on more than one occasion. The friendship between her and Mathieu de Montmorency is as beautiful as a poem. She and Constant were not the first or the last pair of lovers who could neither live together nor apart. Passions, storms, anguish there were, but as long as they were sufficiently public nobody seemed much the worse. For a woman of her histrionic temperament, or, to use her own language, of her "sensitivity," Leigh Hunt's exquisite statement is true:

Sorrow, they say, to one with true touched ear,
Is but the discord of a warbling sphere,
A lurking contrast, which, though harsh it be,
Distils the next note more deliciously.

So she passed on her glittering, triumphant way, surrounded by a cavalcade of lovers, bearing a laurel leaf in her hand, haranguing kings, queens, ministers-of-state, poets, philosophers—always the centre of interest and applause. This illustrious personage Colonel Haggard observes, as it were, through a quizzical eyeglass. It were more becoming, perhaps, if more old-fashioned, to stand hat in hand before a woman of so much courage and genius.

MR. BOURCHIER TO THE RESCUE

By JAMES AGATE

ONE gets into the habit of talking loosely about acting as an interpretative art, and the actor as a blank sheet convenient to the dramatist. Whereas, when not engaged in that simple mimicry which we call character-acting, it is only the bad actor who sinks his proper personality. The good actor imposes his, and perforce; it is at once the condition and the tool of his trade. It must be borne in mind, too, that this personality of the actor is not single. It is doubled by the ghosts of the parts in which the spectator has beheld him. In his struggle against the dramatist the actor has a hundred shadowy allies. Let there be no talk of collaboration; plain war's the word. The playwright gives his character one personality, the actor promptly makes him another. "A rehearsal," has said, curiously enough, the author of the play I am about to discuss, "a rehearsal is like a battle." He imagines the playwright confronted with the difficulty of choosing his cast. "What do you think of X?" insinuates the producer. The playwright is staggered; X would be preposterous. The producer insists. After cogitation the playwright begins to see possibilities in X, "and at the same time he sees a different play from what he wrote."

I imagine that something of the kind occurred to Mr. Bennett when he was writing 'The Love Match.' I imagine that he showed the first two acts to a manager who promptly asked, "What about Bouchier for the millionaire?" I am to think that Mr. Bennett was for the moment staggered. Mr. Bouchier would be—well, not preposterous, but decidedly, oh! very decidedly, not the man of his play. This, you see, was to be about a millionaire, and Mr. Bouchier, more than any other English actor, has his troops of familiars in this line. There was John Glayde ('John Glayde's Honour'), Jack Frobisher ('The Walls of Jericho') and a score whose names I have forgotten. Good, loquacious fellows all, rough diamonds with an astonishing gift of the gab. Mr. Bennett would, I am sure, bethink him how well Mr. Bouchier used to play them; they so sure of themselves, he so sure of them. But Hugh Russ, in these two acts, is not so sure of himself as is Mr. Bouchier's known way with these people. This particular millionaire takes himself seriously; Mr. Bouchier took those others too seriously, which is a very different matter. "I hate the word 'love'" this latest millionaire is to cry, "it's been spoilt." But this is a word which Mr. Bouchier has notoriously not hated. He has rolled it on his tongue, unspoilt, time and again these twenty years. "Love is like a dark night in a forest. It's all around me. The forest has grown up imperceptibly on every side of me, and I never noticed it growing." Imagine, if you can, Glayde or Frobisher talking such doubtful nonsense. Love was no tangle to them, but a fool of a wood through which a plain Colonial might find his way at midnight.

Let us see how far the play had got when, as I imagine, the broad shoulders of this actor first hove into Mr. Bennett's consciousness. Russ's mistress is the wife of his life-long friend. The friend is in Queer Street. In the ordinary course Russ would lend him twenty thousand or so, but he is, as I have said, of an introspective turn. And this introspection leads him, who had no compunctions about stealing his friend's wife, suddenly to discover an extraordinary regard, delicate to squeamishness, about his friend's honour. Can he expose that friend to the ignominy of having innocently borrowed money from the man whom he may one day find out to have been his wife's lover? No! So he blurts out the truth to the bankrupt, who goes empty away, to be met at his club by a millionaire friend to whom Russ telephones instructions to advance the money, unbeknownst, as they say. The wife is divorced and she and Russ marry and live unhappily ever after. At this point the play comes to an end, and

I imagine that the apparition of Mr. Bouchier above the horizon came to the author as a tremendous relief. "Come to my arms, my beamish boy!" I go on to imagine to have been his first words. For this quality of "beamishness," jocose effulgence shot with threads of irony, is the only one which could possibly have enabled the play to carry on. In the matter of incident, the rest must be anti-climax. For Mr. Bennett has started an introspective hare which is not going to give him much of a run. How are Russ and Nina to find their way out of the thicket of marriage? What is the true relation of husband and wife, and what the nature of man and woman? But, I imagine Mr. Bennett to have reflected, by the time this exposition is begun it will be half-past nine. *Item*, it is really the theme for a full-length novel. *Item*, the theatre is, at best, a box of tricks. Let, then, the wife prove doll, content with her doll's house, provided it be the most expensive kind of doll's house. Let Russ pretend to be ruined and see how Nina takes it. Let her make magnificent offer of her pearls and gew-gaws, but let her not know how to put up with a comic two-room'd flat, a comic maid-of-all-work and some comic cold mutton. Then let Nina find out that her husband isn't ruined at all. And let there be a little homily to the effect that Nina is normal woman, and Russ normal man, and that when the two take each other for better, they are really taking each other for worse.

All this is, strangely enough, the matter of Ibsen, only Ibsen would have raised his curtain after the divorce and handled the subject with abnormal seriousness. Whereas Mr. Bennett was not minded to write a serious play. He simply jumped at Mr. Bouchier. He knew better than anybody that in any tussle of pull Bennett pull Bouchier, the actor must, by all the conditions of the stage, prove the superior weight, and so, with a good grace, he gave in. Mr. Bouchier has a greater vitality, a more lively exuberance, a more skittish momentum than any other of our actors. He is the kitten among drawing-room heavyweights. What matter if Hugh Russ had his moments of self-questioning? Mr. Bouchier carried them off on great gusts of aplomb. Where Hugh must speak with the tongue of a doubting man, Mr. Bouchier blared confidently as he were sound as brass. After that second act, Mr. Bouchier carried him and the rest of the play and the big Strand Theatre stage and the uninteresting, drab setting, and the dead weight of Miss Kyrle Bellew's acting on his own shoulders. Miss Bellew's acting is sad, like some kinds of pastry. She can pout and be petulant, but I have never seen her do anything else.

My principal count against this play is that its characters all betray fibre of such astonishing commonness. It is a mistake for struggling "intellectual" playwrights to claim all fineness and all virtue for the life's failures who are their stock-in-trade. It is a much more profound mistake for successful, intelligent playwrights like Mr. Bennett to depict life's successes as men of easy appetites, factitious emotions, and a total lack of interest beyond their mistresses and the cornering of some essential commodity to their own profit. Only good manners, I take it, prevent the gallery from jeering at such heroes as these. Frankly, the progress of a millionaire's amours leaves me cold, unless I am interested in the man himself. That "house in Berkshire," the cars and the yacht are, to-day, an unnecessary provocation. I was, however, entertained by Mr. Bouchier's acting, by its deftness, its humour, its invention and restraint. Mr. Bennett did quite right to capitulate. I have, in the course of this article, been compelled to exercise my imagination considerably. What it will not tell me is how Hugh Russ would have fared in any other hands.

NOTE.—Readers experiencing any difficulty or delay in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, should communicate with the Manager. The REVIEW is on sale at our office at 10 o'clock on Friday morning.

NATURE AND COUNTRY LIFE

By A WOODMAN

These sketches, which are appearing serially in the SATURDAY REVIEW, are the work of a farm and forest labourer whose opportunities for gaining knowledge since he left school at the age of eight have been limited to the world of fields and woods. From his own rough notes and with the aid of his wife, who, fortunately, is an excellent penwoman, the fair copy was made by him in his scanty leisure; and with the exception of the very slightest editorial touches from the friend to whom he first showed them they remain as he wrote them.

VI. THE RAIDER

HE who provides food for the raven when his young ones cry unto God, does likewise for all the creatures of His hand, and that often: but the carnivorous animals are not always satisfied with killing just enough for their needs. The otter will, under stress of circumstances of rare occurrence, turn raider and visit farmyards and sheepfolds. Others on rare occasions do the same; but the fox ranks first among them all. My acquaintance with him dates from early boyhood, so I think I can speak with some authority of his cunning and audacity. To most people he is just a creature that lives in woods, to be protected, and hunted at the season. But he is not always in such places, for I have disturbed him in the middle of open fields, by ponds, and along hedgerows. I lived and worked for upwards of thirty years in the cream of a hunting country, and although I know there is a certain amount of cruelty with this sport, it is much better for a fox to be killed by a pack of hounds than to linger with a shattered limb from a gunshot or with a trap fixed on his leg, as I have found him more than once. Fox hunting, too, means many thousands of pounds being spent and employment given to hundreds of people. It is also one way of keeping this raider in check. I have been first in at the death of many cunning old Reynards that had worried many farmers' wives by their depredations. One in particular comes very vividly before me as I write this. He had been in close vicinity to the village for a long time, doing much damage among poultry. One day twenty-seven young turkeys were killed as they were foraging in a stubble field close to where he was last seen. That was the climax; he must be got rid of, but how? Traps were set, poisoned game, etc., laid about, coverts and hedgerows beaten, but of no avail; he could not be found or caught. Early one morning I was passing the farm where this slaughter occurred and I saw a fox slip through the orchard towards the high wall round the garden. This was about ten feet high and crowned with a dense mass of ivy. After going through somewhat the same performance as a hare when going to her seat, he sprang on to the framework of an old wooden harrow that stood against the outside of the garden wall, and in the twinkling of an eye was among the ivy on the top. I had tracked the raider to his lair. Keeping my own counsel I determined to ascertain, if possible, how long he had been there. I did so and could safely say he had been there for some months. What! close to a farmhouse with people and dogs about all day long? Yes; there is nothing incredible about that, when we think of a shy animal like the otter making an old drain under a house his dwelling-place. Besides, he was ten feet up from the ground, and the scent of the fox, which it appears he can suppress when it suits him, would not be noticed if noticeable at that height. For the purpose of observation I have climbed into a tree on several occasions; the human scent is then unnoticed. Eventually he was noticed going to his lair by one of the farm-hands. The hounds met in the vicinity and the master was informed, and to-day, if we were in the neighbourhood, his beautiful brush could be seen. The farmer was asked, "Why didn't you shoot him?" But, being a sportsman, answered, "No, he deserved a chance in the great game of life for his audacity in laying so close to my house." He had his chance, and gave hounds a ten-mile run as the crow flies, before he met his fate.

What a pity badgers are not protected by law, as these animals are in some districts, by man. Brick earths have been built in many woods where I have worked (these have a spacious room in the centre and four or five passages, not unlike a brick drain, lead to it from the outside) to encourage foxes to stay in the vicinity. Food and water are placed there, too, and if poor "Grey Brock," as the badger is called in some parts, takes up his residence in these brick earths, out he must come, even if it means pulling them to pieces and rebuilding again. In other districts it is different, and I have found foxes with the unmistakable signs of poisoning at different times. But gamekeepers are not always to blame; and I was present when the head keeper on a large estate had the order, "I want game, not foxes." That order never had to be repeated. Hounds hunt many hundreds of acres of woods through on that estate and do not find more than one fox now where there used to be dozens. It is a mistake to think that the two will not prosper together on the same estate, for good bags are obtained in shooting where both are equally preserved. To see a litter of cubs at play is a pleasant sight. When the pretty little creatures begin to eat meat, the vixen buries it for a time, to give it a high flavour I have always thought, and then divides it into equal parts for them. A friend told me that his terrier always does the same when she has puppies. The cunning of the fox in obtaining his food is often witnessed by those who give wild life a second thought.

I saw one performing all the contortions imaginable and all the time drawing nearer to several hares feeding out in an open field. They seemed dazed by the strange object and only realized what it meant when a cry of distress rang out as one was caught by Reynard. He always spoils a hare's run through a hedge bottom by going through it himself before starting his quarry from her seat. Hares will not go through a run that has been fouled, if only by the human hand. He has provided wood and field workers with many meals, for if he kills more than he needs, it is always buried, but with some part showing above the ground. He will, when the occasion demands it, sham death, and he is not alone in this respect, for other wildings have the same habit. I have been fortunate enough to observe the settlement of the question, when there happens to be two suitors for lady fox. She is not allowed to decide. The two foxes fight and the conqueror wins the fair lady. Generally the fox is not quarrelsome with its own kind; but here, as with not a few other species in the animal world, is an exception to the general rule of peacefulness.

AD QUADRATUM

By D. S. MACCOLL

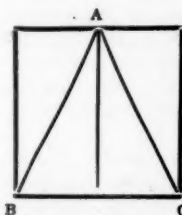
WE have seen that the beat of poetry is not that of a metronome but that of a heart; it is a living rhythm playing with a mechanical; the measurer, therefore, who looks for the mechanical rhythm only, the metre, will be defeated, just as no one will grasp the normal rhythm of a tree from one that has been warped by the rhythms of a prevailing wind. That force also has to be reckoned with: the individual tree is the outcome of a polyhedron of forces, each one of which must be allowed for and measured.

A tree belongs to the rhythms of space and sight: the book from which I take my title¹ deals with one of the arts of space and sight, architecture. That art is simpler than poetry or painting in the sense that it is not concerned with imagination or with representation: it has something of the purity of music. But it is not simple in that its pursuit of beauty is complicated with the pursuit of usefulness, and may be further complicated by the pursuit of logic and economy in construction. The uses and therefore the planning of a Greek temple were so simple and the margin in con-

struction so wide that the designers were free to concentrate on refinements of proportion; thrifty construction might go hang. The Gothic builders were fired by an ideal of economical logical engineering; beauties of proportion grew, for the greater part, out of that, as they do in the construction of a ship; not so completely, because the needs of a ship are more imperative. The dome-builders of the Renaissance, like our own Sir Christopher Wren, covered their actual construction with a fictitious construction to please the eye, a kind of scene-building.

Now the measurers are apt to neglect those differences of pre-occupation. They take for granted that all the builders were consciously developing a theme in proportion which it is possible to disentangle by analysis, and they make the enormous assumption that the monuments they analyse are all successful solutions of that problem, are all, in fact, perfectly beautiful. On the other hand we have a Gothicism, Mr. Lethaby, who disbelieves in "proportion" and even distrusts any talk about beauty, thinking, as the Hebrews thought about the secret name of God, that it should never be mentioned, and that it only came about from the pursuit of "good building."

Mr. Lund is as extreme on the other side. With the encouragement of the Norwegian Government, he has devoted a solid and richly illustrated quarto and a supplementary volume of plates to an inquiry which arose out of the restoration of the famous cathedral of Nidaros. The problem was how to restore the west front, and from the study of other examples and an immense lore of mathematical and architectural science and history, Mr. Lund believes that he arrived at an infallible principle by which, given the ground-plan, the elevations follow. The starting-point was the historical incident of 1392, when the problem of the pitch of gable to be adopted at Milan was debated. As Mr. Lund interprets the Latin record, the alternatives were an equilateral triangle and one with base angles not of 60° but $63^\circ 26'$. In this angle Mr. Lund finds a clue to the relation between the squares of the ground-plan and the rectangles of the front. And at this point his speculations find a certain common ground with those of Mr. Jay Hambidge, whose theory about the principles of design underlying Greek architecture and Greek vases has been exciting the scholars of two continents.¹



Here, within a bisected square, is Mr. Lund's tri-angle. AB or AC is Mr. Hambidge's "diagonal," his clue to Greek design. Let us take Mr. Hambidge and his vases first, as being the simpler. It is impossible, in my space, to explain and illustrate the rich mathematical relations which radiate from this diagonal and its rectangle. Suffice it to say that we quickly come upon the *Sectio Aurea* or Golden Section, which was the delight and wonder of early mathematicians, so that they called it "divine." One case of it is the ratio approximately of 5 to 8, round about which so many instances of happy proportion lie that some of our painters and architects make use of the German device of a three-legged adjustable instrument to set out or test their designs. But the Golden Section is one case of an infinite series, each member of which is a mean proportional between its neighbours. This series, which is the basis of the beautiful curves known as logarithmic, had been studied in connection with the setting of leaves on a stem, seeds in a flower-head, and the curves of shells by Moseley, Church and D'Arcy

¹ 'Ad Quadratum': a Study of the Geometrical Bases of Classic and Mediæval Religious Architecture. By Fredrik Macody Lund. Batsford.

¹ 'Dynamic Symmetry,' 1920. *The Diagonal*, a periodical. 1919, etc. London agents, Oxford University Press.

Thompson; and Sir Theodore Cook, in his 'Curves of Life,' had carried the study into the forms of art.¹ Mr. Hambidge's thesis is that there are two systems of "symmetry," using the word in the Greek sense of rhythmic harmony; one static, based on commensurable forms, like the square, the other "dynamic," involving incommensurables. In the series referred to above, each member is incommensurable with its neighbours, that is to say, divided into the next it runs out into an endless fraction. But, says Mr. Hambidge, these quantities, incommensurable as numbers or lines, i.e., sides of rectangles, are commensurable as areas, as rectangles and squares, and Mr. Lund in the same way relates the squares of his plans with the rectangles of his elevations. But Mr. Hambidge declares that "dynamic symmetry" holds good only of Egyptian and Greek design. And he would have us believe that the Greek potter plotted the heights and widths at various points in the profiles of his vases from a groundwork of proportionate rectangular areas. And he has analyzed a number of them with what, at first glance, look like convincing results.

But on closer inspection there are several things that give me pause. I cannot always follow his imposition of rectangles: it may be my fault, but the points of departure seem to me to be arbitrary. In the second place I cannot follow his judgment as to their beauty. The kantharos, which in *Diagonal* No. 10 he puts forward as the most beautiful of all, seems to me to break down in the disposition of its handles. And this matter of the handles is crucial. It is a weak point in certain forms of Greek vase, like the amphora, the most perfect solution being that of the cylix. When the handles fall within the outline of the vase Mr. Hambidge neglects them as an element in design: when they project beyond it he accepts them as determining the area. He can hardly have it both ways, and to an artist they are, whether within or without, an essential element in the design. But further, the area "themes" of Mr. Hambidge might each of them yield an infinity of solutions according to the curves chosen for the outlines within those areas; and on those shapes as well as on the proportions between them the beauty of the vase depends.

But further still. If the vases fit as neatly as Mr. Hambidge demonstrates into his rectangular area schemes, he has proved too much. If the Greek potter said to himself, I will have my vase fitting into a rectangle precisely of such and such a sacred formula, then his vase would be wrong to the eye. The construction of our eye has certain kinks in it as a measuring instrument. Every printer knows, or used to know, that if he wants a word to appear to be in the centre of a page he must place it above the centre. Every designer knows that if he wishes to draw a square or cube to look like square or cube, he must make it of greater height than width. If, then, those vases were constructed on Mr. Hambidge's principles and intended to be seen as constructed, they are all a little wrong. But there is another and really fatal difficulty. *The vases could never be seen as Mr. Hambidge draws them.* What is true of his areas drawn in the flat becomes quite untrue of the forms seen in the round: the areas, being curved, are distorted by perspective. And this same difficulty applies to Mr. Lund's demonstrations. The drawings on which he demonstrates are executed as if the eye were on a level with all the points of a front simultaneously. Take the case of a spire. Draw it *ad quadratum* on paper; by its recession in perspective the proportions thus determined are never visible in the real building; they are therefore, on his theory, wrong.

I think it is highly probable that architects have, at various times, adopted, as a rule of thumb, the "divine" proportions we are discussing, influenced by the mystic virtues attributed to them; but to that adoption we may rather attribute the failure of the buildings perfectly to satisfy our eyes, than their partial success.

¹ Ruskin analyzed these curves in 'Modern Painters,' calling them "infinite," because they never return into themselves.

Correspondence

A MARTHA AMONG NATIONS

(FROM OUR GENEVA CORRESPONDENT)

March 18, 1922

IT seems that nations, like individuals, dislike being praised for the qualities they possess; they prefer to be commended for the virtues in which they are deficient. Praise a pretty woman for her cleverness and a clever woman for her good looks. Flatter the recluse for his knowledge of the world and the worldly man for his philosophy. So Switzerland, praised not so long ago in these columns for being a Martha among nations, for having all the qualities of a good housewife, for having intelligently practised what the less sheltered nations have only been able to preach, is inclined to be indignant—to judge from a criticism of the SATURDAY REVIEW which appeared the other day in *La Suisse*—because we cannot attribute to her the virtues of Mary, who neglected the kitchen to sit at the feet of One who esteemed that she had chosen the better part. At the risk of provoking an international incident I take up the challenge of the only newspaper in Switzerland which is sometimes almost vivacious (too vivacious for many people in this sober city of Calvin) and touch upon some further aspects of a stimulating and instructive question. Switzerland, and to a less degree other nations, which from their size, position and temperament have been led to concentrate upon comfort and to avoid the turbulent vicissitudes of an imperial destiny, have acquired a placidity of outlook, a moderation of thought and expression, a tendency to value what is safe and substantial and to avoid what is perilous and elusive, which should be the envy of all intelligent materialists. Far from being apologetic for her pre-eminence, I should have expected Helvetia stoutly to maintain that the comfort and tranquillity to which I have ventured to allude represent a more solid and gratifying achievement than can be shown by any of the larger and less well-regulated communities. Why should she be annoyed by being congratulated on her common sense? Why should she not point with satisfaction to her beautifully managed hotels and her clean streets?

Helvetia, however, accepts the panegyric doubtfully. It seems that to be described as a paradise of socialism is an ambiguous compliment which should never have been proffered by a stranger hospitably admitted within her gates; and that it would never have been proffered at all if the writer, whose gallantry she deplores, had known her better. Well, it was an Englishman who remarked that it is impossible to indict a nation. The Swiss nation, as a nation, cannot be held wholly responsible for the virtues to which we have alluded. On the contrary, they are shared by the substantial middle classes of most nations which have adopted the bureaucratic mode of life. Be it understood that I am not now indicting the middle class. Admittedly they are the backbone of every country. But the body politic needs other parts than a backbone. In nations, as in individuals, if all the energy and sustenance at the disposition of the organism as a whole goes to nourish only the backbone, the result will be bad for the brain. The mediocrity which comes from worshipping too exclusively the golden mean is not peculiar to Geneva or to any other single city of Europe. Under government by bureaucracy it flourishes all over the world, and it will continue to do so till some breath of liberty again stirs the political waters. It will flourish in proportion as the governments interest themselves in the private affairs of their citizens. If it flourishes less in London than in Berne, less in Paris than in Copenhagen, that is only because London and Paris are larger than Berne and Copenhagen, and therefore more difficult to control.

This brings us to another aspect of the question inevitably pressed on the attention of an observer who,

after having lived in a large capital, takes up his residence in one of the smaller countries of the world. A small country suffers, or benefits, from its unimportance (take whichever view you please), not only because, being small, it can be more intensively governed, but because, in the old diplomatic phrase, it is one of the "powers with limited interests." Untroubled by the worries and responsibilities of sustaining policies which embrace the whole world, living quietly outside the circle of the big nations whose governments feel and must measure the effect of the most distant events and manifestations, they are free to devote themselves to practical business nearer to their bosoms. There is no need to argue the case theoretically for or against small nations in this connection. I pointed out the other day that those who argued concerning the likely effects of socialism intelligently practised might profitably desist from further discussion and come to Switzerland in order to observe them on the spot. The same applies to those who engage in controversy on the vexed question of empire and national expansion. At every crisis of our history there have arisen champions of a little England. They call upon us to retire from India, to withdraw from Egypt, to regard the Dominions as ripe fruit ready to fall from the imperial tree. Of what use is empire? What does it profit us to be involved in all the big international questions of the world? What do we get in return for the price we pay in brains and blood and treasure for our high position? Should we not all be happier if we lived quietly apart from the complications and perils of a vast international existence? There have not been wanting eloquent reasoners on the other side to convince the English nation that its heavy honours are worth while, both from the material and moral point of view. I suggest that the parties to this perennial discussion, if they really wish to realize what the great nations obtain in return for being great, should live for twelve months in a small country. Instead of reading the *Times* from the point of view of an English citizen let them read, say, the *Journal de Genève* from the point of view of a Swiss citizen. Perhaps the reader, being of a quiet and philosophic disposition, will prefer the Swiss reaction. He will have all the delights and advantages of a spectator. He can take a disinterested view of the greater politics and smile at the excesses of ambition:

Suave mari magna turbantibus aequora ventis
E terra magnum ulterius spectare laborem.

But the average citizen of a country which has lived for centuries at the heart of the world's affairs and to which no human event can be indifferent will be otherwise affected.

The question whether it is worth while to be a great nation was raised in its acutest form during the war. No one who visited one of the neutral countries of Europe at that time could fail to ask it. To leave London or Paris, where the war had set its mark on every citizen, where the communal life (apart from the private griefs and tragedies of the individual) was feverish and haggard, and to land in a city like Berne or Copenhagen, was an experience in communal psychology not easily forgotten. It was not the material privations suffered by the belligerents which made the difference. Many of the neutral countries suffered as much in this direction as the nations which fought. It was the change of moral atmosphere, the absence of the strain under which the fighting countries were living, the lack of any response to an historic necessity. The crisis, which for the fighting nations was a crisis of the soul, was here a crisis of the pantry. The war was a nuisance and a discomfort—when it was not a commercial opportunity. Seeing the tranquil faces and the unhurried deportment of these happy folk, one could understand, even though one did not accept or honour, the point of view of the English publicists who still regret the passing of the Heptarchy.

The contrast here displayed subsists in peace as in war. The little nations are perpetually neutral in a

conflict which the great nations wage perpetually in every field of human endeavour. They are thus set free to be happy in their generation; and, if content were all, they might well be regarded as having achieved the summit of existence.

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression. Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

'A SCHEME TO WRECK THE BRITISH MERCANTILE MARINE'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Your admirable article entitled 'A Scheme to Wreck the British Mercantile Marine' is a timely reminder to the British public of the serious state of our financial relations with the United States. The stupendous sum of £900,000,000 which we owe the United States is burden enough for the shoulders of the British public. But when it comes to the imposition of payments and "other regulations calculated to harass British shipping," surely the time has come to raise a protest, to carry the matter a step further and to demand that the American Republic should itself shoulder the burden of the debts due to the creditors of a number of States which form component parts of that Republic.

The British public is probably in the main quite unaware that as many as eight States, forming integral parts of the United States (just as much as, say, Wales, or York or Middlesex form part of the British Empire) are in debt, principally to the English investor, of a sum little short of £200,000,000 sterling. It may be a surprise to most people to learn that this sum consists of debts, i.e., loans incurred, some as far back as 1831, 1833 and 1841, for the legitimate purpose of establishing state banks, railways, etc., which loans have been repudiated and on which interest has been in arrear from about forty to seventy years.

From the Annual Report of the Council of the "Corporation of Foreign Bondholders" can be gleaned many of the facts concerning these and other loans.

The annexed table gives particulars of these loans which, it should be noted, were contracted for public improvements and do not include "Confederate Bonds" or War Debts. "Interest, which in most cases was at the rate of 6 per cent., is not included."

NAME OF STATE	DESCRIPTION OF DEBT	APPROX. AMOUNT IN DEFAULT.
Alabama	Guarantees to Railways, etc., etc., no reliable data available...	—
Arkansas	Principally Railway Guarantees, estimated at	£1,740,000
Florida	Bonds issued to establish Banks and for Railway Guarantees; estimated at	1,400,000
Georgia	Principally Railway Guarantees, estimated at	2,540,000
Louisiana	"Baby Bonds," Railway Guarantees, and Certificates of Claim issued under Settlement of 1874, estimated at	1,200,000
Mississippi	Planters' Bank Bonds, 1831-3, Union Bank Bonds, 1838	1,400,000
N. Carolina	Special Tax Bonds and Railway Guarantees, estimated at	2,520,000
S. Carolina	No details available; estimated at...	1,200,000

(£5 = £1.)

£12,000,000

If compound interest, say at 5 per cent., is calculated on the capital sum involved, the total amount due, mainly to the British public, amounts to a sum of £190,000,000 to £200,000,000. In addition to which the loss of interest to the British public now amounts to about £10,000,000 per annum.

It is an astonishing position which is thus disclosed, especially when one considers the position which the

United States through its President (Mr. Wilson) and his successor has assumed, of the moral dictatorship of the world. The State of West Virginia was a defaulter for many years, but after protracted proceedings in the law courts a settlement was arrived at in 1920.

"Creditors may wonder why, if West Virginia has been forced to pay, similar steps cannot be taken regarding other States. The answer to this is that while a State is compelled, under the Constitution of the United States, to come into Court at the suit of another State or country, no individual can bring her into Court except with her own consent. So these defaulting communities remain entrenched behind the barrier set up by the Constitution of the United States."

With the exception of Russia there is no other case on record such as the Mississippi debt, which was contracted many years before the Civil War. The Russian repudiation, however, only took place after the establishment of the chaotic conditions still existing in that unhappy country, "while the Mississippi repudiation occurred during peaceful conditions, and is apparently acquiesced in by the citizens of the most prosperous community in the world."

Surely the time has arrived when the debt of the United States (through its subsidiary States), amounting to £200,000,000, should be acknowledged by that great Republic, and set off against the £900,000,000 due to them from the people of Great Britain. Whereas we find a fresh and unexpected claim against us for over £50,000,000 has just been delivered in respect to the U.S. army of occupation in Germany—a pretty substantial twisting of the lion's tail.

I have long refrained from ventilating this case, but think that the time has now arrived to do so.

I am, etc.,

London.

F. M.

CONSERVATISM AND PROTECTION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Last week, in the course of your 'Notes of the Week,' you said:

Amongst the doubts which we feel about supporting the Conservative administration, which will in all probability inherit office on the death of the present Coalition, is their attitude towards Free Trade. The Constitutional Conservatives are firm Protectionists. The leaders of the party would in the main be quite ready to allow the sleeping beauty to remain asleep, but the greatest efforts will be made by the right wing to arouse her from her slumbers.

This is certainly true, and unless the question of Free Trade and Protection can be settled, or indefinitely shelved, the re-establishment of the old Conservative party as a great political force is very remote. At the time of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill in April, 1886, I happened to be chairman of a polling district in the North Leeds division and we held what was, I believe, the first meeting to protest against Mr. Gladstone's attack on the Union. This justifies, I think, my claim to be a rank-and-file Conservative of old standing while, equally by conviction, I happen to be a Free Trader. Not that Tariff Reform would injure me personally, since my interests being now chiefly landed and agricultural any logical system of Protection would be bound to help my pocket, agriculture being *par excellence* the key industry of the country.

Small import duties for revenue purposes are, of course, quite justifiable in these post-war days, furnishing as they do the means of securing contributions to the national exchequer from classes which in regard to taxation get off almost scot-free, but a tariff for the purposes of protecting British manufactures is another matter, and its logical application to agriculture would be bitterly resented by the vast majority of town-dwellers—that is, by, possibly, two-thirds of our total population. This is the rock upon which Mr. Chamberlain's scheme was wrecked seventeen years ago, for although people were constantly and vigorously assured that their food would not cost them more, they could not and did not believe that any measure for protecting British

industries generally could avoid including agriculture—the industry which, above all others, suffered most keenly from the dumping of foreign produce. Rightly or wrongly, the man in the street regarded cheap food as the greatest of boons and believed that, in the end if not in the beginning, landowners and farmers would insist, with perfect logic, upon the application of the principle of Protection to their industry, with, as a result, higher prices for meat and corn.

With land in four counties and having over 3,000 acres in hand, I have considerable opportunities for gauging the feeling of farmers, and, so far as I can judge, they will never consent to pay more for their machinery, implements, tools, etc., etc., and also for articles of household use—all of which they believe would be raised in price as the result of checking foreign competition—unless the foodstuffs which they produce were also protected. Mr. Chamberlain shattered the Conservative party to fragments by his "constructive" policy in 1905, and a repetition of the same tactics will destroy it to-day beyond redemption.

For myself, I believe that the most ardent Protectionist living would do less harm to the country than Mr. Lloyd George; but this is not the general view, and in these democratic days you cannot ignore the man in the street, who is terribly afraid of food taxes.

I am, etc.,

C. F. RYDER

Scarcroft, nr. Leeds

TURKEY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—At the present juncture, with Turkish delegations much in evidence and the *Times* declaring that "the Treaty of Sèvres must be buried deep in the impending conference in Paris," may I be permitted to recall a fact which seems to have become "buried deep" in oblivion?

In January, 1917, with the grief of Gallipoli heavy in our hearts, in reply to President Wilson's Note respecting the war aims of the Allies, we deliberately laid down the following conditions with regard to Turkey:

The setting free of the populations subject to the bloody tyranny of the Turks; and the turning out of Europe of the Ottoman Empire as decidedly foreign to Western civilization.

What have the Turks done since to merit a remission of sentence?

I am, etc.,

R. S. F.

London, S.W.

PARLEYING WITH BOLSHEVISTS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—If the account be correct, as reported in the *Gaulois* on Dec. 23 last—and quoted by Mr. Van de Linde in the *Times* of March 15—that the "executions" (i.e. murders) in Russia under the Soviet regime amount to 1,766,118 persons—not all "officers" and "intellectuals," for I see there are included 193,350 "workmen" and 815,000 "peasants" in the total—surely some public protest should be made by our people against meeting the Bolshevik representatives in conference at Genoa—and so admitting them into the community of nations—which it would in fact amount to. No excuse but temporary "dementia" can be urged to account for such slaughter, which certainly no Tsar Government would have dared to initiate. "The 80,000 human skulls" of Timur was but a trifle by comparison.

What has become of the honest pride and humane thinking of our ancestors? For some time after the French Revolution it was considered in England that the French sans-culottes had put themselves beyond the pale of the community of nations, and yet the excesses then committed by them were small in comparison, and their treatment of their King pales before the Russian "horror." "Grattez le Russe et vous trou-

verez le Tartare" has indeed been pretty well proved, and this in the twentieth century. As to the discussion of "means for the reconstruction of Russia," what do our politicians know of the peculiarities of the Russian people, especially in their present state of chaos?

Of the horrors, the misery, the appalling state of the country, letters from those who have escaped give some little idea. But is it not the logical sequence of what has taken place, and are we not in a way to blame for the first steps of the tragedy?

As to meeting these people over a glass of port or a bottle of champagne, surely our influential Press should say, "Ye take too much upon yourselves, ye sons of Levi!"

I am, etc.,

EYRE COOTE

West Park, Damerham, Salisbury.

BEAUTY AND MATHEMATICS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Will you allow me to breathe into your columns the earnest prayer that we may never know enough to be able to "explain, in terms of measurement, why a beautiful thing is beautiful." This would be worse, almost, in its results than having that perfect understanding which compels forgiveness of vice and crime. As well define the beauty of holiness by the standard of prohibitions embodied in the Mosaic decalogue as to measure the emotion of taste by plumb and line.

In the delightful studies of 'Nature and Country Life,' by "A Woodman," there is a phrase in which is locked a secret that no mathematically constructed key will unlock. "As we inhale the odours of pine and heather among the restful hollows of these Southern hills, something steals over me that is beyond mortal man to describe." And he goes on to speak of creation in its ever-varying aspects, unconsciously, perhaps, implying that the chief characteristic of beauty lies in the immeasurable variability of nature.

That well-known story told of Whistler and his pupil is significant also of another and very subtle element in the subjectiveness of the emotion of beauty. The pupil persisted in telling the master "I only paint what I see," bringing upon himself the biting retort, "You will be sorry when you see what you paint."

Then, again, there is that elusive thing called charm, a quality as illusory and transient as the aroma of wine, and as little related to form and proportion as the grape's nectar is to the grape. Is it not the sensuous absorption of this illusory aspect of art which excites our love of possession? Have we not been already too much awed by the strict and severe proportions, the measured forms, the soulless expressions of Greek gods and goddesses, always beautiful but rarely charming? When Mr. MacColl wrote the incompatible words, Beauty and Mathematics, one is inclined to suggest he had had a bad night with Einstein's relativities and "space-times."

I am, etc.,

J. MCLURE HAMILTON

EVOLUTION AND WILLIAM MORRIS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—*Moriturus, saluto* Mr. Wilfrid Roland Childe. It gives me pleasure to enter the lists against a knight so courteous; yet I must not be intimidated by the Zeus-like head of William Morris emblazoned on his shield. Nor must he take my own weapons from me and cry "No! take these in their place! Fight with them!"

For—to abandon metaphor—I did not, in fact, raise the condition "that a poet should write directly about his own time." I would not be so audacious as to make any recommendation soever to a poet. I stated a conviction that a poet attains his universality by interpreting the spirit of his own age for the benefit of all time. The spirit, I insist, not the body. Morris deliberately avoided the expression of his own age's spirit, in the

endeavour to express the spirit of earlier times. But how had Morris the power? Did even Shakespeare interpret the spirit of early Scotland or Caesar's Rome? So that Morris, in fact, disinterred the body of those earlier times and did no more than deck them with jewels. If I wish to look again upon the mediæval and Norse ages, should I not more profitably go to those who saw them from within—to the poetry of Chaucer and Villon, the canvasses of Van Eyck and Gérard David, to Beowulf and the Sagas?

I hear an ancient battle-cry on Mr. Childe's lips as he comes tilting towards me. "What the poet writes about is really so supremely unimportant!" Yet Mr. Childe's own exquisite achievement in verse prevents me from believing that a poem based upon the rash attending domestic measles can possibly compare with a poem hymning Intellectual Beauty—with a poem, even, lamenting the roses that grew round my mother's door in Tennessee.

Moreover, the 'Prometheus' of Shelley, I should avow, is more modern, in the fullest sense of the word, derived from Greek legend though he be, than the 'Prufrock' of Mr. T. S. Eliot or the 'Mrs. Kinfoot' of Mr. Osbert Sitwell.

I am, etc.,

Chiswick.

LOUIS GOLDING

THE GEDDES REPORT AND SIR ALFRED MOND

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I should like to draw attention to a discrepancy between a statement contained in the first Geddes report and the speech delivered by Sir Alfred Mond last Monday, in the hope that an opportunity may be taken of ascertaining in Parliament what the considered course of the Ministry of Health in regard to the sale of houses really is. On page 131 of the report the Geddes Committee asserts that "the Minister of Health is in agreement with us as to the desirability of selling as many houses as possible." The whole gist of the Minister's remarks in the House of Commons, on the other hand, was unfavourable to the course of selling houses. "He would never be responsible for houses which had been built for ex-servicemen being sold . . ." and so forth. Has the Geddes Committee or the House of Commons been misled? Until Sir Alfred makes his attitude clear, my question is in itself a sufficient commentary.

I am, etc.,

Adelphi, S.W.

H. LESLIE

SIR RICHARD WALLACE AND BAGATELLE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Will your French Correspondent allow me to correct a little slip in his interesting article 'Maison à Vendre' of last week? The pavilion of Bagatelle was not purchased by Sir Richard Wallace, but inherited by him, along with the greater part of what has come to be known as the Wallace Collection, from the fourth Marquess of Hertford. After the abdication of Charles X, for whom, as Comte d'Artois, Bagatelle had been built, it was alienated from the Crown properties, and bought by the Marquess. Louis Philippe is said to have refused to live in it for fear of stepping into Charles's shoes. The Marquess added to both the grounds and buildings; filled the house with furniture of its period and the garden with statues; Sir Richard Wallace made some further additions. Let your correspondent, then, when next he dreams under the budding trees in the Bois, give a thought to the old recluse as well as to the successor and son who maintained and supplemented his treasures, and whose widow left so many of them to the English nation.

I am, etc.,

D. S. MACCOLL

Hertford House

Many letters are unavoidably held over.—Ed. S.R.

Reviews

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN

The American Language: An Inquiry into the Development of English in the United States. By H. L. Mencken. Cape. 30s. net.

Essays on English. By Brander Matthews. Scribner. 10s. 6d. net.

THE American Language' is a pioneer book of great interest by an American author and editor whose vigorous writing is becoming well-known in this country. Mr. Mencken made a success of his first edition, and this is a revised one. Mr. Cape should have mentioned the American publisher, as suggestions for improvements are asked for "in care of" him in the Preface. The best contribution to the subject of late years is 'An American Glossary,' by Mr. R. H. Thornton, to which Mr. Mencken frequently refers, and we learn with regret that Mr. Thornton, for lack of funds, has been unable to publish his further material.

This book, like his, is thoroughly documented, and that is a great merit. Anybody can make confident statements about words. What we need is examples with dates and sources, and sufficient knowledge of philology to minimize offhand theories, and to discover what the people most likely to know have made out and suggested. Mr. Mencken is not a professional philologist, but he has studied and collected very widely. He has read so much English that he claims to be "almost completely bilingual," and in the main his conclusions are sound, though an expert in English who knows dialects and the varying standards of journalism would hesitate to endorse some of his examples and conclusions. He says at the end of his Preface, "All my readers, I assume, know standard English." The writers and readers of English who have any ideas on the subject could easily be got into a building of moderate size. English and Unitedstatish have now definitely parted, and it is little use trying to combine them into a single language. The cleavage began as early as 1789 under the laborious and truculent Noah Webster, whose Dictionary still enjoys an international fame. Nor is it much use, perhaps, to rave over vulgarity and misuse of words. The slow and vast referendum of a nation decides a language, not the Professors and Societies who would improve it. American is what America wants.

The point of view which Mr. Mencken adopts is scientific and broad-minded. His examination of American and English to-day and in the past, Proper Names, Spelling, and the lines on which American cultivated and vulgar is proceeding is excellent work. The non-English elements in the American vocabulary are a grave handicap for the Englishman. There is a vivid sense of adventure in American locutions which may be fairly likened to the free coinage of the Elizabethans. But the Elizabethans had a noble drama and a noble prose. Does the United States show any signs of producing either? The difficulty about strange locutions is that few really know what they mean. We enjoy phrases like the "sob-brigade" and the "lounge-lizard," but is it well to lose the tradition of beautiful old words for the sake of the new cleverness? We know that America has preserved some English words that we have forgotten, but they are lost in the crowd of neologisms. For good or evil, American is gaining ground rapidly in this country to-day. It is not only the cinema that does it, but American music-hall performers, whose rapid patter hardly supports Mr. Mencken's claim for clear enunciation among his compatriots. Further, American is a great language for advertisement, and our commercial age is taking it to its heart every day, without quotation marks or comments. We saw "near-silk" in a paper last week. Commercial English is no doubt a useful and easy dialect, ignoring grammar and punctuation, mak-

ing substantives into adjectives, and always ready to invent a bad new word, because it does not know a good old one; but it is not a language that the man of letters can view with pleasure. It will pain him if, following American, he is forced to make *Félicité*, a charming place-name, into "Fill-a-city," and to write of the "bozarts," which, with a very right feeling for history and tradition, he used to know as the "beaux arts." Must he call a café a "kaif," and distort in the popular manner of the ignorant every foreign word that comes into the common speech?

These things are being done in England since compulsory education made knowledge shallower than it ever has been, and we are losing our sense of English sounds and quantities every day. Is it "hollow babble" to talk of iambs and trochees? May we not call them anything, or recognize their existence? If so, poetry will grow curiouser and curiouser. Our intonation is, says Mr. Mencken, better than the American, our spelling worse. He points out that various publishing houses make concessions to English spelling, but the taint has not gone very far. Columbia University, which has more Professors of English than the whole of this country, in one of its 'Studies in English,' makes Tennyson write "forever" as a single word. How he would have growled over that! As Calverley wrote:

Forever! 'tis a single word!
And yet our fathers deem'd it two:
Nor am I confident they err'd;
Are you?

There are no considerable dialects in America, and we do not find the best reason for this till late in the book. The Englishman prefers to stay in the same place: the American does not think he is getting on unless he is frequently moving on somewhere else. Mr. Mencken is very interesting in his researches concerning the low speech of the streets, which has more justification than one would think and a sort of grammar. "These kind of people" is a phrase commonly used by cultivated people, though they deny it. "Those sort of things" is in Jane Austen's 'Emma,' chapter 33. Some American scholar should examine the vocabulary of O. Henry, which is typical all round, sufficient for a critical enquiry, and, we imagine, singularly realistic. O. Henry has given us "cheezicks," "heimganger," "pretzel," "nix-cum-rous," "spoopju," "urbsidized," and "publicness," as well as "publicity." Another convenient source for study is the alterations attached by the American committee of scholars to the Revised Version of the Bible.

Mr. Mencken has not adequately used the great Oxford Dictionary. For instance, it includes "break-down," riotous dance, with three quotations, though that sense (p. 54) is declared to be "not in the English dictionaries." As for "transpire," one of his Americanisms, it is in Johnson's Dictionary, "to escape from secrecy to notice: a sense lately innovated from France, without necessity." "Demean" and "aggravate" (for "annoy") were good Britishisms before America was discovered and have steadily remained so. "Aggravate," perhaps, owes some of its popularity to Dickens, but he used it long before he went to the United States. "Pay-day" is used outside the Stock Exchange in this country. "Pease" is not the English plural of "pea," though it is the original word from which "pea" came by back-formation. The spelling "rime" instead of "rhyme," has been used by *Notes & Queries* for thirty years or so. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is Professor at Cambridge, not Oxford. "Advertisement" is the common spelling in English; any other is a freak. The "siren," sea nymph or steam-whistle, is now increasingly so spelt in English. The word "movies" is getting out of date; the public talk of the "pictures." We still use "homely" for "ugly," and speak of a "frock-coat" on the rare occasions when we don it. We have no reason to suppose that "soccer" is a portmanteau word. We learn with some amusement that, when America came into the war, a vain effort was made to translate *Sauer-*

kraut into "liberty-cabbage." Over here during the same period *Wiener-schnitzel* was made into "American pie."

Dr. Brander Matthews, says Mr. Mencken, "was an eager apologist for Americanisms until he joined the Ochs Lodge of Anglo-Saxon brothers." Mr. Ochs hopes that novelists and newspaper men will eschew Briticisms and Americanisms. How can they, even if they know which is which? This was obviously a war hope, which ranks with hanging the Kaiser. Prof. Brander Matthews, in his 'Essays on English,' wants quotation marks used in support of the programme of Mr. Ochs, but he minimizes the national differences in language to an absurd degree, and his parallel examples, whether from Greece or England, do not impress us. His essays on American are the work of a real lover of English, who has the rare gift of being bright and amusing. We like particularly his tribute to Mark Twain, who, with all his irritating provincialism of taste, was a genuine artist. The standard language is, we gather, to be preserved by actors, who go from end to end of the English-speaking world. An American professor is quoted, who goes as far as this:

In the best performances of serious drama it is now often impossible for a spectator to tell whether a given actor is British or American.

Serious drama is not frequent in this country, but what we have heard of it from American lips hardly encourages high hopes for a standard pronunciation. Time will show: neither professors nor critics can do much to alter the speech of a people. And this is a good reason for being neither "peevish" nor "punditic." Some pains, however, can be taken about writing, and an "error-sharp" would be a useful addition in some centres of remunerative English.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST ROUND WITH ENGLAND

Lord Hood and the Defence of Toulon. By J. Holland Rose. Cambridge University Press. 16s. net.

IN this book Professor Holland Rose "aims at exhibiting the defence of Toulon as an outcome of British policy in the Mediterranean and as an important episode in the Revolutionary War." At the end of August, 1793, the Royalists of Toulon admitted the British and Spanish fleets, then acting in alliance against the French republic, to that city and harbour which contained a large French fleet. There was a clear understanding that "alliance with Britain and Spain, not surrender to them," was the programme. This is a point of importance which Dr. Rose rightly emphasizes, and which has often been overlooked in criticisms of the operations.

The task of the British under Lord Hood was one of immense difficulty. Hood was an able, energetic and sanguine man, but he had to handle a "cumbrous loose-limbed coalition," and owing to the usual unpreparedness and lack of foresight at home, the want of an adequate military force at Toulon, and the inevitable differences of view between the Allies, he failed. This amphibious campaign was the first round in the twenty years' struggle between Napoleon and British sea power, and in it Napoleon won. In dealing with his part in the episode, Dr. Rose does not seem to have consulted the late General Colin's '*Education Militaire de Napoléon*,' which is by far the best French work on Napoleon's early operations, and would have given him definite information on such points as the actual date of Napoleon's appearance at Toulon and his influence on the French plans.

The Allied force at Toulon was a strange hodge-podge of nationalities, including besides a handful of British troops and a few French Royalists, Spaniards, Austrians, Sardinians and Neapolitans. Some of these contingents were without every kind of equipment;

others looked martial, but, as a capable British officer wrote of the Neapolitans, "a single shot fired in the night would be sufficient to put them in confusion and rout." The total strength was only a few thousand, and the whole scale of the fighting was quite insignificant in comparison with even the minor campaigns of the Great War. The operations bore a resemblance to those at Gallipoli, as when the French republicans began to direct a dangerous fire from their shore batteries on the ships in the harbour. There were the same cheery naval estimates of the damage done to the works ashore by bombardments with the ships' guns; in fact, the ships reported that they had "three times totally destroyed the French works." Yet the French works continued to fire. Even at that far-off date there were long-range guns; a French 44-pounder from a point three miles away several times hulled British ships with red hot shot. Colin states that it was brought into play by Napoleon himself, and this might have been mentioned by Dr. Rose.

The Allies had against them not only the greatest military genius in modern history, but also the furious energy of the revolutionary government, which could dispose of ample forces. While the British generals were brave but usually despondent, the Paris authorities' reply to a pessimistic report from Dugommier, the republican commander, was concise: "you must take Toulon or you will have reason to deserve our pity"—a hint that the guillotine was ready in the background if he failed to produce results. Under Napoleon's advice the high ground was seized which commanded the entrance to the harbour. By threatening the communications of the Allied fleet in Toulon he compelled it to withdraw or face disaster. The danger-point was known and mentioned by the British leaders. With but 2,000 more trustworthy troops they could have held it, but without such a force the fall of Toulon was only a question of time so soon as Napoleon appeared.

The charge, which has often been brought against the Allies, and the British in particular—that they callously abandoned the Royalists in Toulon when the evacuation became inevitable—is answered by facts which Dr. Rose gives. Some 7,500 refugees were saved by the Allied fleets, and in saving them considerable risks were run and most of our soldiers' personal property ashore was lost.

Many documents are printed, with some new letters of Hood's. An interesting passage from that Admiral's correspondence, which has a bearing on the Jutland controversy, is this comment on Rodney's failure in the battle off Dominica in 1782, with a fleet of 35 ships, to destroy a French fleet of 33 ships:

Surely there never was an instance before of a great fleet so completely beaten and routed, and not pursued. . . Had it been my lot to command H.M.'s fleet . . . I should have thought my head would have been justly required for such a glaring and shameful neglect.

Dr. Rose's story of the operations is not by any means light reading. It is almost as dry as the mouse's tale in 'Alice in Wonderland'; but we may be grateful for what is a solid and careful, if sometimes rather ponderous piece of work, even though it lacks the vivacity and spirit which make Mr. Fortescue's military account of the same campaign so agreeable.

THE ART OF ESSAY-WRITING

Aspects and Impressions. By Edmund Gosse. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

THERE is no living writer of English whom most young writers, and some older, could study with greater profit to themselves than Mr. Gosse, even apart from his more positive qualities. For they would find that he never does certain things which they are apt to do. He never shows off. He never has the appearance of seeking rather to impress the reader than to

elucidate his theme or to develop his thesis. He never wishes to show you, all at once, what a number of sights he has seen and places he has been to, and books he has read. He never beats a gong, or blows a trumpet, or even shouts "hi!" Yet they may observe that doing none of these things he is, in the judgment of many of us, a complete master of his art, and in the view of all the world, a very eminent essayist and critic, and they may draw an inference. Blowing a trumpet is all very well for a few moments, but it cannot be kept up, or if it is kept up it becomes a bore. One notices and is refreshed by this negative merit, first of all in a noisy world, before one comes to the appreciation of the positive qualities, the perfect ease and lucidity of exposition and comment, the sure fitting of phrase to thought, the humanity and urbanity, and the constant, subtle, subacid irony which flavours the whole. This last-named quality of Mr. Gosse's writing is perhaps its most individual. He is a master of irony in all its strengths, so to speak, from the irony which is used as a lethal weapon of offence to the irony which smiles affectionately at a foible of a friend, a foible as dear as a virtue. He may use it in indignation or use it in affection, but it is in the texture of his writing, almost always visible to the discerning eye.

The essays in this latest collection, being in the main informative and scholarly, giving the reader the benefit of Mr. Gosse's wide reading in various fields, show perhaps less of the gift we have been speaking of and less of humour or fun than some other of his works. If that be so, it is an instance of his instinct for propriety of manner in writing. A reader who is to be told something fresh in a sort of subject which interests him, does not want it to be elaborately prefaced or irrelevantly illuminated, and Mr. Gosse always avoids irrelevant graces. He fits the manner to the theme. One of these essays, for example, gives some new material for our knowledge of Congreve, acquired since Mr. Gosse wrote his 'Life' thirty years ago; another throws an extremely interesting light on Swinburne's habits in composition from Mr. Gosse's examination of the MS. (accidentally discovered) of the first draft of 'Anactoria.' Well, in both these cases he simply states the facts with a minimum of comment and without any writing round the subject at all. That clearly is right; the student or lover of Swinburne is presented with something new, of great interest to him, and he wants the facts simply, first of all. Yes, but how many writers equipped with Mr. Gosse's knowledge of the two subjects, would have refrained from giving him a great deal more? Take, on the other hand, the long essay on Henry James. It is biographical, as he clearly states, not critical, and deals with character and the effects of circumstances on character; that is to say, it deals with what in the case of all men is an elusive and nebulous subject, and is especially so in this case. Therefore the author plays round it with all his grace and tact, gradually bringing out the essential temperament and quality of his friend to a visibility which no bald statement of fact could possibly have afforded. But we must cease to extol the admirable manner and hold it up as an example, or its possessor may suppose we are trying to teach him. . . . This essay on Henry James seems to us to be the best thing in the book. As was the 'Life' of Swinburne, it is based on intimate personal knowledge, which those who have tried to write about a friend know adds enormously to the difficulty whatever it adds to the value of the result. It is a triumphant success. Nothing is left out which the interested reader wants to know but which the well-informed writer often forgets to tell him. Henry James stands out as he looked and moved and spoke and (we feel sure) as he thought also. One passage—to go back to memory for one moment only—we really must quote as an example of urbane irony. It is in connection with Henry James's disastrous entanglement with the theatre. The traditional faults of managers and actors are noted, and "Henry James lost no occasion of dwelling, in private conversation, on this aspect of an

amiable and entertaining profession." To anyone who was privileged to hear Mr. James's opinions of players this meiosis will be delightful to read. Irony appears again—how could it not?—in an essay on George Eliot, but it is a kindly irony and the essay is an extremely interesting appreciation of that powerful intellect and limited imagination. It would serve no purpose to make a note on the essays one by one. There is not one, whether concerning English or French literature, which does not show a mastery of the subject in hand, and a reader will be well-informed indeed who does not gain knowledge as well as enjoyment of them; more especially, for most of us, is that the case with the French side of the book, as in an essay on the writings of M. Clemenceau, which tells us a great deal about that great Frenchman's mind. One remark only we are impelled to add, suggested by the essay on Henry James. That, as was noted, is about the man and not the writer. Mr. Gosse writes, almost always, about books. That comes naturally and inevitably to a mind so widely read in the old and so quick to appreciate the new, and we would draw no bald distinction between life and literature: writing about books he performs writes about life in general at the same time. Yet life is more than books, and Mr. Gosse has seen much of it and known many sorts of men. We sometimes cannot choose but wish he would let his gift of observation and his subtlety of interpretation more often play upon other expressions than those found in books of man and his marvels. But we are sincerely grateful for what we have.

SI MONUMENTUM . . .

Unnoticed London. By E. Montizambert. Dent. 4s. 6d. net.

THIS is an excellent addition to a class of books which is steadily growing, thanks partly to the lectures and rambles of the London and Selborne Societies, which have stimulated the interest of Londoners in their "dear, damn'd, distracting town." It seems at first sight absurd to include places like Holborn and the Strand, Cheapside, Fleet Street, Whitehall and Westminster in "unnoticed" London, yet it is the fact that all these busy haunts of men harbour nooks and corners absolutely unknown to the great majority of Londoners, but often full of charm and interest; and praise of good citizens is due to those who, like Mrs. Montizambert, have eyes to see, and who set out, as she says in her Preface, "to prick the curiosity of the travellers up and down the streets who miss so much pleasure that they might have so easily," by telling of the things that are next door, yet unknown to them, and the places that, since they can be seen any day, are never seen at all.

The author begins with Chelsea and gives her frontispiece to Cheyne Row, though she has the temerity to confess she has never been in Carlyle's House, an omission which she and her readers may be strongly advised to make good. From the home of More and the Manor House of his King, from the old Physic Garden and Nell Gwyn's Hospital and Ranelagh, we pass on to Knightsbridge and the Haymarket, York House and the Water Gates, the Adelphi and Clement Dane's, the Savoy and the Temple and the Roman Baths. Another pilgrimage carries us to All Hallows' and Pepys's St. Olave's (but not his birthplace at St. Bride's) and the precincts of the Tower—which also Mrs. Montizambert admits courageously that she has never entered. Other pleasant wanderings are to Cheapside and the Companies' Halls, the Inns of Court, Hatton Garden and St. Sepulchre's. A delightful chapter is devoted to Lincoln's Inn, the Record Office and Nevill's Court, though what is meant by stating that "None of the existing buildings (of Lincoln's Inn) are later than Tudor times," we cannot guess, as the Chapel and Gatehouse have both been restored and the Hall of course is modern and bears the initials of its builder (Philip Hard-

wick) and the date 1843. Clifford's Inn, the Charterhouse, St. John's Gate and St. Bartholomew's Church, furnish fascinating subjects, and then we are carried back to some little-known features of Westminster Abbey, St. Margaret's, Ashburnham House and Whitehall. The last two chapters deal with the Museums and the Parks, and though these have features which may often pass unnoticed, the space might perhaps have been more valuably given to some other delightful London byways and land-marks, which have missed inclusion, and guidance to which forms the salt of such a book as this.

We have left ourselves no room for quotation, and can only mention such attractive morsels as the description of the creeper-clad Restoration house in Bow Lane, of St. Etheldreda's Chapel in Ely Place, of the seventeenth-century houses with cottage gardens in Nevill's Court, or of Prince Henry's Room at 17, Fleet Street.

The historic facts and dates are given faithfully and concisely, and if a few minor errors are noted it is rather for correction of a future edition than in any carping spirit. "Bunhill Place" (p. 14) should be Bunhouse Place. Chelsea Physic Garden is a quadrangle, not "a green triangle," and is by no means "deserted"; Jerusalem "Corner" should be Chamber (p. 167); "Delaney" (p. 178) should read Delany; "South-east corner of Battersea Bridge" should be north-east; and we do not think there is any foundation for the statement (p. 8) that "Queen Elizabeth, as a girl of thirteen, went to live for a time at Sir Thomas More's house, when it had passed into the hands of her stepmother Catherine Parr." The book is, as it should be, of pocket size, illustrated with a mixed collection of photographs, prints and drawings, is clearly printed and well indexed. 'Bus and rail routes to the places described are carefully given, and, in short, the volume is a very useful and pleasant contribution to the literature of London.

THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION

A Short History of our Religion. By D. C. Somervell. Bell. 6s. net.

THIS is an attempt, somewhat on the lines of Mr. H. G. Wells's 'Outline of History,' to present a concise picture of the continuous story of the making and development of the Christian religion from the foundations laid by Moses up to the present day. It is a sufficiently formidable task to fulfil in three hundred pages. Mr. Somervell has in mind the adolescent scholars who have been taught the Bible stories as children, but who now require to know a great deal more about religion if it is to be of any value to them in after life. The author rightly feels that we have spent far too much time on the details of the Old Testament story without attracting our pupils to the real religious significance of it. Even in the best Sunday School books there is still too much space given to the geography and the ceremonial of the Hebrew people. No doubt we have got beyond the stage of thinking it necessary to know how the incense for the Tabernacle was made. A bishop told us not long ago how his own mother was prepared for Confirmation by one question only, as to the exact measurement of the space between the wings of the cherubim over the Ark. She gave the correct answer, but we are sure it was no such proficiency as this which really made her a fit subject for the solemn rite.

Mr. Somervell also rightly protests against the idea, still too common, that revelation ended with the Canon of Scripture. The young are brought up to suppose that somewhere about the year 100 A.D. God suddenly ceased to deal intimately with mankind or, at least, dealt with him in quite a different way. Religion becomes separate from life, and we get the unsatisfactory notion into their heads that God was somehow nearer to a man like Samson than to St. Francis of Assisi, or that God took more interest in politics in the days of Joseph

than He does in the days of Mr. Lloyd George, or that prophecy is quite credible in the case of Amos or Isaiah, but must not be expected in Frederick Denison Maurice or Savonarola. Accordingly Mr. Somervell just tells the story without any sharp break between Old and New Testaments, or between apostolic times and the Middle Ages, or between the Reformation and the twentieth century. He tries to make us feel that it was the same kind of Christian people who were discussing things at Nicaea or Constance as are now meeting at Lambeth or in the National Church Assembly.

One almost wishes he had called his book 'A Short History of the Christian People,' for that is what it is. We cordially commend this book to teachers, whether clerical or lay. We think the clergy might well use it as a basis for instruction in church in the place of some of their hortatory sermons. It may be well to note that Mr. Somervell has managed, without any sort of compromise of what we think are his own opinions, to give a perfectly fair account of such differences as those between Catholics and Protestants or Traditionalists and Modernists. There is nothing which would lead a young student into a priggish or one-sided controversialism, nor is there any obscurantism which might make him think afterwards that he had not been told what he had a right to know. The chief merit of the book is that its necessary brevity never makes it seem scrappy or dull. In a really remarkable way Mr. Somervell keeps us interested all the way through and gives us something much more than a number of dates and names to learn. He gives us a picture to look at and an ideal on which to set our hearts.

RECENT NARRATIVE POETRY

Catherine. By R. C. K. Ensor. Sidgwick. 4s. net.

The Ballad of the 'Royal Ann.' By Crosbie Garstin. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.

MR. R. C. K. ENSOR, whose earlier 'Odes' showed him an accomplished technician in a courageous form of poetry, has once more in 'Catherine' produced a distinguished volume. 'Catherine' falls quite clearly into two sections: a preface in which he expounds his theory of narrative poetry, and a poem in five cantos which illustrates it. It is the preface rather than the poem which ensures the distinction of the volume. We must not be taken as suggesting that the poem is the deliberately manufactured illustration of a theory. Indeed, nothing can run more smoothly and spontaneously than Mr. Ensor's couplets. Yet Mr. Ensor's arguments deserve the closest attention.

Readers of the present age who want a story will turn to the novel, naturally, and not merely because the novel is the prime achievement of our age, as the drama was of Elizabeth's. Narrative poetry to-day stands midway between two needs and satisfies neither of them, the need for telling or listening to a story, the need for expressing or responding to an emotion. It has survived in our literature, not because it is an inevitable and immortal form, like drama or the lyric, but as a legacy from the days when the more direct vehicle of prose simply did not exist for the purposes of the narration of a story. When mine host of the Tabard bade Chaucer cease his "rym doggeral" of poor Sir Thopaz, he explicitly invited the poet to become our first prose novelist:

Or telle in prose somewhat at the leste
In which ther be som mirthe or som doctryne.

But the time was not yet ripe for prose narrative. The insufferable homily of Melibaeus was to intervene before Nash and Richardson appeared. After the eighteenth century, narrative poetry had no real place to occupy, although 'Endymion' and 'The Idylls of the King' remained to be written. Yet, like all long poems, as Poe analysed, these were less large and coherent works than a sequence of small lyrics strung together.

It is true that Mr. Ensor adapts very ingeniously the form of a Greek play to give the appearance of unity to his charming narrative. We are presented with five cantos, each based on a norm of 250 lines. "Perhaps it is a trivial coincidence that this is about the duration of a pipe of tobacco," he adds. Yet we cannot but consider the whole scheme arbitrary. Why be limited to five pipefuls or be by statute bounden to so many? We admit that there are moments when prose could not so well have expressed the gnomic quality of a couplet or its chiselled Augustan irony. Yet we feel that this expenditure of skill and music might rather have been justified upon emotions more personal and compelling than this mild legend of Bohemia arouses.

Mr. Crosbie Garstin's narrative poem, 'The Ballad of the "Royal Ann,"' sets us chasing no hares of disputation. Not for Mr. Garstin the gentle iambic gait. Its virtues are far less subtle than the virtues of 'Catherine,' but there is no resisting them at all, the lilt and the swagger and the machine-gun rhyming. The metre frolics like a galvanized Coleridge:

They had not come but seven days
Into the Carrib sea
When the watch made hail, "I spy a sail
Close-hauled upon our lee.
Her quarters glow with gilt and oh!
A galleon is she!"

The ballad is indeed no more than a lusty descendant from 'The Rime of the Ancient Mariner,' though its veins run with how much coarser a blood. Here also is a blasphemy of sailors rewarded by the idleness of a painted ship upon a painted ocean.

The swell writhed like a stricken beast,
A slimy swell and wan,
But no wind stirred, night came, the third,
And still the roll went on.

Coleridge, we are convinced, would hardly have allowed the roll to "go on" in precisely that manner. But that is to judge Mr. Garstin by standards he does not challenge. It remains to say that the ballad is reinforced by a number of spirited poems which express the personalities of the Scilly Islands rocks in the most buccaneer and magnificent metres. Readers of these poems in *Punch* and elsewhere will be glad to find them collected in so eminently "presentational" a form.

THE AMERICAN CHAOS

Explorations. By Robert McAlmon. The Egoist Press. 4s.6d. net.

TO the members of an assured civilization, with their unearned increment of authority, there is something lamentable in the violent oscillations to which the life and art of young nations are subject. Because the ground of the disturbances is there so vast, nowhere are the phenomena so clearly displayed as in America. Such a volume as Mr. McAlmon's 'Explorations' proceeds from the very heart of this unrest. For whilst such American writers as Robert Frost and E. A. Robinson have gallantly attempted to achieve some specific American method, the reactionaries are always in wait for them, to dissolve into chaos again the nascent American idea. The trouble is that reactionaries like Mr. McAlmon persuade themselves as well as their countrymen that they are the *dernier cri* of literature, that their very familiar formlessness is the most audacious and novel form. The material presented in 'Explorations' is sometimes printed cursorily, like prose; sometimes, and at arbitrary moments, it is divided into lines, like *vers libre*. There are moments when it meanders amiably over the page:

He would
go to
bed and
he would
sleep.

The matter has no more resolution than the manner. Even in its major reactions it is undecided. Sometimes we would infer that all this license is but a revolt from

the drab automatism of the American system, with its standardized cars, books, collars, its monstrous cities built to an undeviating plan: "A cow's skeleton is a merry playmate compared to a Wall Street broker, or a Vesey Street intelligentsia journalist out to show you a good time." A moment earlier, or a moment later, we would deduce that the secret of art, or of American art, can only be attained after some rigid mathematical novitiate. "Well, you never have played a good game of chess. How the hell," the writer asks, "do you expect to be an artist?" Or Mr. McAlmon will put it more succinctly. "Geometry is a perfect religion."

What are we to make of it all? Mr. McAlmon, as his privately-printed book of sketches, 'A Hasty Bunch,' shows, is a man of acute intelligence, a trained observer of certain minor aspects in the human drama. He is an analyst of fatigue, the product of a civilization which seems to be effete almost before it is born. He is the antithesis and complement to Billy Sunday. Perhaps only when the Billy Sundays are less violent and the Mr. McAlmons are less bored, America will at length develop a vision where the pageant of the world shall pass by *sub specie aeternitatis*.

Fiction

The Idealist. By John Owen. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s.6d. net.

MR. JOHN OWEN'S second novel is so conscientious a piece of work that we hardly dare prognosticate for it the popularity it deserves. But it is more than conscientious. It is entertaining throughout. He has managed to subdue that tendency to specialization, a certain over-emphasis of its business element, which must have made his earlier book, 'The Cotton Broker,' a little more acceptable in Manchester and Bombay than it can have been in Beachy Head. 'The Idealist' belongs definitely to the category of the "political novel." Many brilliant men have attempted it and most failed. The success of 'Coningsby' and 'The New Machiavelli' may be set off by a dozen failures from such competent pens as Mr. Zangwill's, and, repeatedly, Mr. Belloc's. Yet Mr. Owen has stepped into the difficult breach and carried all before him. His success is due largely to his dominant and unfaltering knowledge that Weyman, the Idealist politician, and Dyke, the Realist, the subtle antagonist of his destinies, are a compound of flesh rather than of political theories. They succeed and fail, in their varying degrees, not because their minds are thus and thus equipped, but because, thus surely and quietly analysed, act the impulses of their hearts. And Mr. Owen is capable of more than merely intelligent writing. His descriptions of Weyman's early surroundings at the bleak Welsh farm, of his impulse to set his employer's stack alight, and of the union of all the heavens to turn him back for repentance to the farmer's threshold, is memorable for its dignity and beauty. The parallel development of the two politicians emerges from the Local Council of the provincial city of Westport and ends almost at the very threshold of the Cabinet. The infinite caution of Dyke seems at last to have set him on a pinnacle of success from which the unrelenting enemy of Weyman's career and its ghostly friend, his passionate idealism, has hurled him into the depths of obloquy. A "Pro-Boer," a "traitor to his country," Weyman is saved from the hands of the mob only by the intervention of Dyke's sister, a character more finely presented than any we remember in a score of novels. Life, even though it be sunken to the depths, begins again for Weyman the dreamer. Life for his enemy, seated though he be on the heights he has so patiently toiled for, is ashes and a grey wind. Mr. Owen leaves us only with one regret; that he has put his story into the hands of a narrator who is for long periods out of real touch with its protagonists.

He has avoided the pitfalls to which this method of narration is liable (as, for instance, Mr. Lawrence, in the 'White Peacock' so persistently did not). Yet we feel it to have been a check on Mr. Owen's large freedom of movement which he might easily have avoided.

The History of Alfred Rudd. By E. V. Odle. Collins. 7s. 6d. net.

IN themselves the words "first novel" offer no excuse for the present or promise for the future. It is reasonable to expect a public performer to have learnt his craft before making his appearance, while many famous writers have never succeeded in bettering, or even equalling, their earliest achievement; some, indeed, plainly having no more than the one story to tell. But it is always pleasant to meet a new novelist of individuality; and individuality Mr. Odle certainly has. True he takes some trouble, to begin with, to model himself on Mr. H. G. Wells. His hero is of the family of Arthur Kipps or Mr. Polly, a good-hearted, ineffectual little creature, touched with poetry, slightly ridiculous, but loveable. His relations and friends are of a recognized Wells brand; lower middle-class people, badly off, badly dressed, dyspeptic, superficially realistic, actually fantastic. They are nearly all "characters," given to odd tricks, discussing life with flashes of philosophic insight in the speech of the uneducated. Attention is given to the poverty of their manners, the picking of their teeth, and other unsavoury details. They employ peculiar ejaculations such as "Oh swish!" to punctuate their conversation. There are the usual two women—Eve and Lilith: Emma, the school teacher, didactic, resolute, plain, devoted in a motherly fashion to the wayward Alfred; Jane, hungry for pleasure, reckless, shameless, doomed from the beginning to disaster. Alfred, an incompetent country bank-clerk, is betrothed to Emma; but fate uproots him from his quiet security and throws him into London and the arms of Jane. At this point the author parts company with Mr. Wells, and becomes more definitely personal. His story of disreputable Bloomsbury lodging-houses, music halls, and generally the underside of London life, is told with an outspoken particularity which often degenerates into downright squalor; but the spirit of romance and adventure still informs these unlovely events and intrigues—the romance of Balzac rather than of Dickens. Sordid as are his surroundings and associates, Alfred Rudd clings desperately to his basic idealism and simplicity, and this redeems his history from brutality. The mental processes of the protagonists become, towards the end of the story, needlessly entangled. There is too great a straining after the subtle and the unforeseen, too great a parade of cleverness; but every reader will be glad to find the hero at last rescued from the woman who was dragging him down, and safe in the capable hands of Emma; a proud father, and successfully engaged in an occupation suitable to his unpractical nature. Mr. Odle's book is by no means free from faults, and parts of it will offend many; but it stands well out of the ruck of the ordinary commercial novels; and it will be interesting to watch his future career.

Tell England. By Ernest Raymond. Cassell. 7s. 6d. net.

SCHOOL stories are almost invariably failures, and the half of this novel which deals with the hero's boyhood is no exception to the general rule. How often in English books has the feeling of school life been successfully captured? In its modest, jog-trot style, 'A Day of My Life' was very nearly perfect; those chapters of 'Tom Brown,' which preceded the arrival of Arthur were excellent; and although 'Vice Versa' was avowedly fantastic in theme, Doctor Grimston, his staff, and the boys of Crichton House were uncannily real. For the rest we have the pieties of Dean Farrar, the melodrama of the old *Boy's Own Paper*

serials, Mr. Kipling's demoniac gang, the reports of wonderful matches (in such books as 'Cyril') where the hero, though partially crippled by a sprain, wins the game for his side with a yorker or a marvellous dropped goal out of the scrum, and lastly, certain modern works which seem to have been written by the most unpopular boy of his year, with some idea of "getting a bit of his own back" when secure from physical reprisals. We cannot agree with Mr. Raymond's statement that his Kensingtowe was the best school in England; and we think that most readers will prefer their own places of education to this hectic spot, when they have made the acquaintance of its masters, who alternated between sentimentalizing over their pupils and beating them, of its prefects who bullied one of their juniors until he fainted, and of the younger boys, some of whom adored their friends to the point of trying to visualize them as girls, while others drugged and drank, or enjoyed being caned by ushers whom they admired. The author may object that he has selected these abnormalities out of the everyday life of the place as making more entertaining reading; but the result is that he has got his values entirely wrong, and succeeded in producing a most disagreeable general impression, which persists unhappily in the second half of the book, in which the Kensingtowe "old boys" serve in the Gallipoli campaign. Unhappily, because these chapters have very considerable merits. They are vivid, full of movement, at times genuinely tragic. But the distasteful under-flavour is still there, making it extremely difficult to follow the hero's exploits sympathetically. We cannot like young Ray, nor his wonderful friend Doe, who danced so sweetly and had so beautiful a complexion. The most we can do, as the army chaplain who is supposed to edit the story himself does, is to forgive them, and those like them, everything, in view of their courage and self-sacrifice. Having done this freely, we desire to hear no more of them.

The Awakening. By Hugh and Edith Spender. Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE is not a great deal to be said about this unpretentious little book. Major Mansfield was a good soldier, and one of those persons who thought all foreigners infernal, and all democrats scallywags. He returned from the war to find that Agatha, his betrothed, was inclining, largely through the influence of a Socialist friend, towards the opposite extreme of suspecting her own class and country to be always prompted by unworthy motives. They hastily married; and, as neither of them was at all conciliatory by nature, the future looked decidedly cloudy. Fortunately Agatha was called to Cologne, to nurse her soldier brother, and her experience of the behaviour of the army of occupation greatly improved her opinion of her countrymen. Meanwhile the husband temporarily lost his eyesight through a nervous breakdown; and, to console him during his illness, his wife made a pretence of falling in with all his views. A chance remark, made by one of her friends, which the sick man overheard, was however responsible for his awakening. In a few seconds he miraculously discarded his lifelong narrowness and obstinacy, and in broken words agreed with Agatha that henceforth they should both be at liberty to hold and express their own opinions, without risking the destruction of their matrimonial happiness. There is not much attempt at style in this tale, and the dialogue varies between an oddly punctuated stiltedness ("You are like a refreshing breeze that blows away the cobwebs from our dusty brains, there are so few people who have any opinions of their own") and a plainly unaccustomed use of slang ("Have you anything on for the Oaks, Old Bean?"). The scenes in Cologne are interesting and natural enough, and a pleasant spirit of tolerance underlies the whole story; but it is rather too innocent and amateurish to have any literary importance.

Competitions

LITERARY COMPETITION

The first two subjects for a monthly Literary Competition are announced below.

(a) A prize of Three Guineas will be awarded for the best criticism of 'Hamlet' in the manner of a contemporary dramatic critic. The play is to be treated as the first performance in London of the work of an unknown provincial dramatist. The manner either of a specific well-known critic, or of modern critics in general, may be attempted, and the essay is not to exceed 500 words in length.

(b) A prize of Three Guineas will be awarded for a rhymed epistle from the shade of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, in reproof of *vers libre* in general and Mr. Ezra Pound in particular. The poem should not exceed 24 lines.

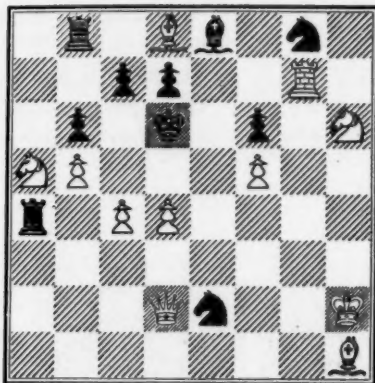
The following conditions are to be observed:—

1. All entries should arrive at the SATURDAY REVIEW Office not later than the first post on Saturday, April 22, and the successful entries will be published the following week.
2. The names and addresses of competitors should be clearly stated. Entries will be referred to by the signature below the MS. proper.
3. The Editor will be the sole judge, and can enter into no correspondence with regard to these competitions. He reserves the right to publish any of the MSS. submitted, none of which can be returned. Any unsuccessful MS. published will be paid for.

CHESS PROBLEM No. 20.

By W. PUTTZER.

BLACK



WHITE

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him before April 1.

PROBLEM No. 19.

Solution.

WHITE:

(1) R-Kt3.

(2) Mate accordingly

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 18.—Correct from Rev. S. W. Sutton, A. S. Brown, Albert Taylor, A. S. Mitchell, R. Black, E. R. A. Lewis, C. O. Grimshaw, and G. V. Nixon-Smith.

TO CORRESPONDENTS

A. S. MITCHELL.—Always wise to give that final look around before sending in a solution: no one made the identical slip you just escaped.

Mrs. RAWSON.—Many thanks for invitation; we regret that absence from town prevents our attending.

BRITISH CHESS FEDERATION AND THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

The House of Commons has subscribed the first prize for this contest (£250), members of all parties having contributed; and there is a good prospect of the £3,000 required for the enterprise being collected in time, especially if all chess players will remember that the smallest sums are welcome.

A combined team from Oxford and Cambridge Universities are this afternoon playing a match with the Imperial Chess Club, starting at 2.30.

As we write, Sir George Thomas leads in the Championship tourney of the City of London, with a score of 4½ games, Jacobs and Michell following with 3½ each.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 3.

Solutions (and all correspondence relating thereto) should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2, and should reach there not later than the first post on the Friday following the date of publication.

WHAT, THINK YOU, IN THIS RIDDLE MAY BE READ?

A SOLDIER, AND THE WEIGHTY WORDS HE SAID.

1. Bone of contention it has been before.
2. She sang a drama of our eastern shore.
3. The word we want, I have it in my eye.
4. Caveat emptor! when of him you buy.
5. Meant to be very often in one's hand.
6. Unless I err, it lies on Spartan land.
7. Awaits us if to facts we shut our eyes.
8. This one may be, yet not supremely wise.
9. Call him, and bid him tell us what he knows.
10. Miss it you can't, for it's beneath your nose.
11. Ready I stand to speed you on your way.
12. Some years ago this mad dog had his day.
13. As Sol the stars, so these all games excelled.
14. "The rain's beginning! All aboard!" he yelled.

ACROSTIC SOLVERS.—Sylvia M. Groves, Gaffer, and C.O.R. tie for first, second and third places, with one mistake each. Beetle, Margrotty, Prophet, Mrs. McFarlane and Pen "also ran."

THE HIDDEN PROVERB was discovered by Mrs. McFarlane and Miss Clare Hargraves.

Acrostic No. 1 was rather easy, the tenth "light" being the only really difficult one. The following remarks may be of interest to unsuccessful solvers and others.

Light 1.—*Ergot* is a poisonous fungus that sometimes usurps the place of the grain in rye and other grasses; it is used medicinally. A soft horn-like mass growing on the fetlock of the horse bears the same name.

In Light 2 the reference is to Judges v. 7:—

The rulers ceased in Israel, they ceased,
Until that I Deborah arose,
That I arose a mother in Israel. (R.V.)

Light 3.—Nymtine was, for her wickedness, changed into an owl, as Ovid relates. Henry King's metrical translation of the *Metamorphoses* is well worth acquiring. (Blackwood: 1871).

Light 5. To destroy the Nemean lion was the first labour of Hercules. He is represented clothed with its skin.

Light 6.—John Graham, of Claverhouse, 'Bonnie Dundee' of the ballad, defeated General Mackay at the Pass of Killiecrankie in 1689. "Two minutes decided the contest; before the wild rush of the clansmen the redcoats were scattered."

Light 8.—The warfare of the Pygmies and the Cranes is alluded to in Book 3 of the *Iliad*:—

When by their several chiefs the troops were ranged,
With noise and clamour, as a flight of birds,
The men of Troy advanced; as when the cranes,
Flying the wintry storms, send forth on high
Their dissonant clamours, while o'er the ocean stream
They steer their course, and on their pinions bear
Battle and death to the Pygmean race.
Earl of Derby's translation.

Light 10.—"Nassau" is our William III. Garth's 'Dispersary' is an admirable little poem, well worth reading. It contains the often-quoted description of the Old Bailey as

that most celebrated place,
Where angry Justice shews her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state.

The passage referred to in the acrostic, and quoted last week—the speaker is the god of Sloth—is interesting as containing a phrase familiar to readers of Pope's 'Essay on Man':—

Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.

Teachers wishing to use these acrostics as school exercises can obtain the solutions in advance by sending stamped and addressed envelopes to the Acrostic Editor.

Solution of No. 2.

S	ticklebac	K
I	n	N
R	ish	I
(h) A		G
R	esearc	H
T	ro	T
H	idalg	O
U	nbelle	F
R	evolutionis	T
J	ona	H
B	eehiv	E
A	wnin	G
L	av	A
F	inancel	R
O	celo	T
U	ltramarin	E
R	etrieve	R

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

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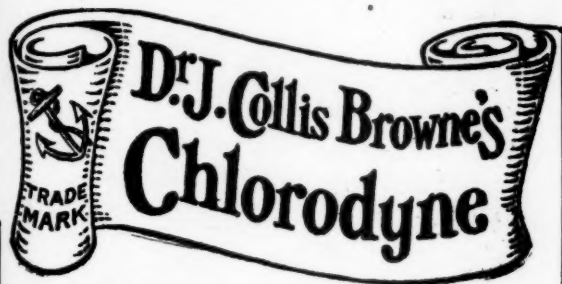
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